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By the men . . . for the men in the service

CARRIER PLANE IN THE PACIFIC

2-Front Veteran Compares Pacific and ETO Combat

PAGES 2 AND 3

"The Jap is tougher than the German. Even the fanatic SS troops can't compare with the Jap."

"In the civilized country of Europe we can take shelter behind the buildings."

"On New Georgia, food, ammunition and weapons for the line had to go up on soldiers' backs."

A general who has battled Japs in the Solomons and Germans in western Europe compares two theaters and two enemies.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The general was speaking about foxholes. "I'm not saying," he said, "that men in the theater are living in the lap of luxury, but most of the time they can find straw to line their holes with.

"In the Solomons they could take their choice between a foxhole in the soft mud or a foxhole in hard coral. That was all."

The general with a keen insight on GI tastes in foxholes is a two-star named J. Lawton Collins, sometimes called Joe Lightning.

A year ago he commanded the 25th Division, just finishing up the New Georgia campaign. Before that it had fought at Guadalcanal.

Now Joe Lightning is CO of the VII Corps, which has moved eastward from the D-Day beaches by way of Cherbourg, the St. Lo breakthrough, the Mortain counterattack and then the rat race across France toward Germany.

In the Solomons he earned himself a reputation for personal combat by prowling around in the jungle, occasionally dueling with Jap snipers. Over here he has had less time for duels, but his corps has become known as a "spearhead" outfit and his enthusiasm hasn't suffered because of the greater responsibility.

Because he's seen war in islands and hedgerows, Maj. Gen. Collins, an iron-graying West Pointer, speaks with authority on the relative merits of the Japs and Germans in combat. He rips rather fearlessly into the much-disputed question: "Which is tougher—the Pacific or the ETO?" He speaks quickly and with force.

"From the purely physical standpoint, the Pacific campaigns have been infinitely worse for the private soldier. There he's had to live in the heat and filth of the jungle, worrying about malaria and the fact that a scratch may develop into a tropical ulcer.

"The natural character of the country alone—the climate, the civilization of Europe, the lack of it in the islands, problems of supply—these things are entirely opposed to each other in the two theaters.

"In the Solomons the terrain of the jungle made road nets as we know them here impossible. There was a lack of roads, and the rain and mud made the few we had almost impassable. In some instances our only transportation in the islands was small boats.

"We had enervating heat in the day and damp chill at night. We've had rain in France but nothing like the rains in the tropics.

"Here we've been fighting in civilized country in which we can and do take advantage of the shelter of buildings. There we had heat, rain, mud, jungle and nothing else.

"At one time the men had to be supplied by parachute. The parachutes hung in trees so they had to be shot down by a burst of automatic fire. The men took the parachute silk and made loin cloths which they wore while their other clothes dried. They used silk as blankets. I've slept wrapped in parachute silk. I was glad to have that much protection.

"On New Georgia we used cannon companies and antitank people as carrying parties. Food, ammunition, heavy weapons—everything delivered to the line—went on the backs of soldiers. Two-and-a-half-ton trucks went forward as far as possible, then jeeps. But finally it was up to the men who used haversacks as harnesses to carry C-ration cases and five-gallon water cans."

JOE LIGHTNING got up from his desk and paced across the carpeted floor of the room that was his office. It was a paneled room bigger than a couple of pyramidal tents, but it was part of Corps headquarters in the field.

"The Jap is a helluva sight tougher than the German," Maj. Gen. Collins said, "but he's not as smart.

"Even the fanaticism of the *SS* troops we've hit is nothing to compare with the Jap's. We've had to use bulldozers to cover Jerry pillboxes once in a while; if they'd been Jap pillboxes the use of bulldozers would have been common.

2-Front Fighter

"Cut off an outfit of Germans and nine times out of 10 they'll surrender. Not the Jap. On Guadalcanal we counted 2,300 Japs lying out in front of the division; we captured 22. But we've captured Germans by the thousands. I'd say we've probably captured 10 to every one we've killed.

"But the Japs are dumb. The Germans are much more skillful tactically.

"In the New Georgia campaign the Japs made one terrible blunder. To land on New Georgia we had to go in and out between a number of small islands to reach our beaches. Those islands weren't defended. If it had been the Germans instead of the Japs, Jerry would have been sitting on every little island in the passageway waiting for us.

"The Japs in the Solomons didn't organize on the high ground overlooking our positions in every case. Toward the end of the Guadalcanal campaign, during our push toward Kokumbona, they should have been sitting on the hills looking down our throats, but they weren't. We took the high ground and drove them down into the ravines so we were looking down their throats.

"Over here we've had to fight for high ground and fight hard for it. Whereas the Japs missed the key terrain features, the Germans don't.

"Jap equipment in the Solomons was almost childish but they could move faster than we could. They didn't have so much to carry.

"I used to go into bivouac areas to talk to officers. I'd tell 'em: 'Look around you. Everything you can see, the Japs can do without.' We had a great deal more equipment than the Japs had but we had to have these things to survive in the jungle. Our men slept on cots when off the line, for example. The Jap didn't have a lot of these things but he died more often.

"THE Germans are much better equipped than the Japs, particularly with artillery. The Japs are lousy artillerymen but the Germans know how to use it. We are better than either of 'em.

"Over there in the jungle, in a mass of hills where visibility was almost nil, you could never tell where the front line was. There were no accurate maps. That made it extremely difficult to adjust artillery fire.

"So we put our forward artillery observers up on the front line with the Infantry and they adjusted their fire by the sound. They would put the first round far out in front, then walk it back until it was falling on the Japs right in front of them. They could never see where it was hitting but when it sounded close enough they'd fire for effect.

"We've had some fighting here in very heavy forest. We reverted back to the policy of fire adjustment by sound for that phase.

"In the Pacific we're fighting the toughest kind of warfare—amphibious warfare—the most difficult military operation. In the Solomons we tried to 'land where they ain't.' It worked. But on some of the smaller islands there is no escape from landing on defended beaches. The death battle at Tarawa was a result.

"Most of the American Army training is based on warfare in civilized country. We've trained the bulk of men in the States. They've been taught combat lessons on terrain similar to terrain over here that isn't as strange as the jungle.

"There's been a lot of talk about jungle fighting versus hedgerow fighting. We had a combination of hedgerows and swamps west and southwest of Carentan in France that was the closest to the kind of thing we hit in the jungles.

"It was hard to maneuver in that area. It was difficult to outflank the hedgerows because of the swamps, so we had to use frontal attack. That was about all we ever got in the islands.

"We've enjoyed the same air superiority over here that we had in the Pacific. It's been just as vital to our operations. As a matter of fact, however, we were bombed more often over there than we have been here. I haven't been in a foxhole yet over here. On New Georgia I was in one 15 times in one night."

The general grinned in recollection.

"The worst part of it was that the Japs were such rotten bombers you couldn't tell where they were going to hit."

Sgt. Morriss, who interviews Maj. Gen. Collins, covered Guadalcanal and New Georgia for YANK before going to the Western Front.

"In some instances the only kind of transportation we had in the Solomons was by small boat."

"Cut off a German outfit and nine times out of 10 they surrender. Not Japs."

Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins, veteran of Guadalcanal, New Georgia, France.

MOST OF THE WITNESSES AGAINST PIETRO CARUSO COULDN'T TESTIFY. THEY WERE THE 336 ITALIANS SLAUGHTERED BY THE NAZIS IN THE ARDEATINE CAVES.

Lynch law meted out death to one Fascist official but an orderly trial preceded the execution for murder and treason of Caruso, the collaborationist police chief.

Roman Justice

A mob breaks into the courtroom to attack State Witness Donato Carretta, former Fascist jailer

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ROME—In some respects the murder-treason trial of Pietro Caruso, former Fascist chief of police in occupied Rome, and his chief accomplice, Roberto Occhetto, resembled the trials of big-shot gangsters back in the States.

The entrances to the Palazzo Corsini, the court building, were heavily guarded by police. It was practically impossible to get into the stuffy, ornate courtroom unless you were a member of the press or knew somebody who knew somebody else. There were solid rows of Italian and Allied newspapermen looking for fresh angles, and photographers snapping their cameras at every break. And there was the usual array of defense counsel making objections and stalling for time.

There was also the same atmosphere of morbid tension, needled by the fact that two days before, when the trial was originally scheduled, the prosecution's chief witness, Donato Carretta, former warden of the Regina Coeli jail in Rome, had been beaten to death. A group of Romans, some of them relatives of former political prisoners, had broken through the courtroom doors and grabbed Carretta from the lightly resisting *carabinieri*. They gouged out his eyes, tossed him in the Tiber and finished him off in its muddy waters while he was trying to swim away.

There wasn't much chance of anything like that happening again. Heavily armed *carabinieri* were posted at the ends of the street, at the courtyard gates and inside the courtyard itself. They guarded every possible entrance into the Palazzo Corsini. Squads patrolled each floor and guards stood at every door of the courtroom.

THE trial opened at about 9 A.M. on Sept. 20. The eight-man special court, headed by President Lorenzo Maroni, sat at one end of the courtroom, with the prisoners at the judges' left and the prosecuting attorney at the right. The witness chair was placed directly in front of the presiding judge.

After a few preliminaries and some fussing around on procedure, Caruso was called to the witness chair. He hobbled across the room on crutches—he had injured his leg while trying to flee Rome—stood before the court while answering a few formal questions, then sat down.

The prisoner had a tough, strong-featured face

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that once might have been ruthless. But there was little fire left in Caruso's heavy-lidded eyes as the court read the accusations against him. He simply looked dead tired, and his face was almost expressionless during the court's telling of the massacre in the Ardeatine Caves.

The massacre was a German act of reprisal for the killing by mortar bombs of 32 *SS* men in Rome last Mar. 23. Italian Partisans were held responsible, and the German commander, Marshal Kesselring, ordered that 320 Romans—10 for each German killed—be shot in revenge. The Germans, after emptying Rome's Via Tasso and Regina Coeli jails of political prisoners, found they were still 50 Italians short. Caruso obligingly supplied the remaining victims. The next day, in the Ardeatine Caves near the Catacombs, the Germans carried out the mass execution, shooting the hostages in the nape of the neck. In all, 336 bodies, stripped of valuables and outer clothing, were found at the entrance to the caves. Presumably the Germans increased the original number of hostages, though nobody knows for sure.

CARUSO described his part in the massacre of the Ardeatine Caves in a casual, conversational tone. He admitted making up the list of 50 names at the request of the Gestapo and confessed to stealing nine million *lire* in cash, besides diamonds and jewelry, from the victims. It all sounded as if he were describing the sale of a pound of potatoes.

"Did you know that the 50 hostages you turned over to the Germans would be shot?" asked Mario Berlinguer, the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes," replied Caruso.

The signed order containing the list of 50 names was introduced as evidence. Ten of the names had been crossed out and replaced by 10 others, indicating that Caruso had had difficulty making up his mind on some of his choices.

The ex-Fascist police chief was accused of supervising torture sessions, of working in harmony with the Gestapo at all times and of picking innocent persons for Nazi firing squads because the victims had fat bank accounts or because he wanted to settle private grudges.

Earlier in the trial the defense asked for postponement on the ground that two Fascist ministers who had been Caruso's superiors in Rome were essential as defense witnesses but had since fled to the north of Italy. The court, after adjourning for an hour to consider the request, denied any further delay.

Throughout the two-day trial the defense attorneys made no effort to deny any of the accusations against Caruso. They simply said he took his orders from higher-up Fascists and was therefore not legally responsible. You got the impression that here was a pattern for future defenses of Fascist crimes: the accused couldn't be legally guilty because they were carrying out the orders of superior officers.

There were few dramatics throughout the trial. But Caruso buried his face in his hands when Attilio Ascarelli, the famous criminologist who had charge of exhuming the 336 bodies in the Ardeatine Caves, gave details of the autopsies.

IT was obvious that both the court and the prosecution were bending over backward to make certain the defendant received a fair trial. They permitted debatable evidence to be brought in without protest. They listened to a chain of character witnesses. One of them testified that Caruso was a "fine man" when he was 17 years old—that was 28 years ago. Another said the Fascist chief of police was a "nice fellow" because he once gave the witness a ride in his automobile.

Defense counsel wound up with two three-hour speeches.

At 8 P.M. on the second day of the trial, both Caruso and Occhetto were sentenced by the court. Caruso got the death penalty, Occhetto 30 years.

There was little demonstration in the courtroom when the verdict was given. Caruso turned a ghostly white and seemed ready to keel over, but he recovered and was led out by the guards.

At 2 P.M. the next day, Caruso was driven to a courtyard about three miles outside Rome. He was tied to a chair with his back toward a squad of 16 *carabinieri*. Then he was shot in the nape of the neck, just as were the 50 victims he had turned over to the Gestapo for butchering in the Ardeatine Caves.

Pierto Caruso died with the words "*Viva Italia* —aim well" on his lips, but few Romans were impressed by that.

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Finis for Carretta. Torn from court, thrown into Tiber and kept from gaining shore by mob, he drowned

Caruso sits stolidly in court as the charges against him are read by one judge. The other judges listen.

The verdict of the court was "Guilty." A *carabinieri* firing squad shot Caruso in the back of the head.

Dropping Into Holland

C-47s of First Allied Airborne Army fly past an old Dutch mill as British trucks rumble down the road.

A mighty Allied airborne force ran interference for the British armor attempting an end run around the Siegfried Line.

By Pfc. GEORGE GROH
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST AIRBORNE ARMY IN HOLLAND —The operation was to be like the old end-run play in football. Lt. Gen. Miles C. Dempsey of the British Second Army was massing his armor for a sweep through Holland and around the end of the Siegfried Line. Running interference for the tanks would be Lt. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton's First Allied Airborne Army, largest glider and parachute force ever assembled.

Our job, as explained at the briefing, was to swoop down on both sides of the long road running north to Arnhem in Holland. By seizing and holding the bridges, canal banks and road junctions, we would make sure the tanks could keep rolling forward. Airborne forces had landed on Sunday, two days before the wave of reinforcements to which our glider belonged.

Our glider was piloted by Lt. Hoshal and was named *Roy White's Revenge* after a friend of Hoshal's who had been killed in Italy. It was just before noon when the towplane pilot wished Lt. Hoshal "Good Luck." We rendezvoused over England and then struck out across the Channel for the Continent.

The fog closed in early. At times we could barely see the dim outline of a towship just up ahead. Occasionally through a break in the fog we spotted a glider abandoning the flight and spiraling down toward the Channel. Usually air-sea rescue boats were waiting for them.

The flight crossed a German pocket near Dunkerque but the expected ack-ack didn't materialize in any quantity. Another glider lost control over this pocket but held to a long glide and apparently made it to safe territory. When we looked back, the boys were standing around talking with the local population.

I was holding down the co-pilot's seat as Lt. Hoshal swung north toward Holland. I saw him motion for his flak suit. A few minutes later his judgment was confirmed as we crossed a patch of woods from which short marking bursts of machine-gun fire emerged suddenly. That happened several times. A glider at 500 feet is a clay pigeon. You just sit there feeling naked, helpless and as big as a barn door, while slugs drop through the canvas.

Glancing back, I could see some of the boys hunching toward the center of the glider, though it wasn't much use—one position is about as safe as another. Once I thought the pilot was hit, but he grinned and said: "No, not yet!"

There was a last burst of fire over the dropping zone and then Lt. Hoshal swung us earthward in a hurry. Counting up on the ground, we found we had been pretty lucky. A private sitting back of the cockpit had been wounded in the face. I'd caught a slug, but it stopped halfway through a notebook in my hip pocket. The others were all right. There were holes all over the glider, but the bullets had hit where we weren't. Other gliders were still coming in, some of them catching fire. Just as we struck off across a field for the assembly area, we saw two big C-47s, belly up, plunge in flames.

A Clayville (R. I.) lieutenant named Walker assembled about 100 men to set up a temporary defense. The rest of our company was scattered all the way from London to Brussels.

Division headquarters sent a call for help soon after we arrived, and about a dozen of us piled into a pair of jeeps and hurried down to Son, a nearby village. They had beaten off an attack by the time we arrived but now Jerry was having a try with bombers, so we crawled into the first handy holes to sweat it out for the night.

The company moved up to the other side of Son and took over a canal bank the next day. S/Sgt. Jack Eleopoulos of St. Louis, Mo., took a patrol and "liberated" the village of Beugel about three miles away. For some reason it had been bypassed in earlier drives. There was a great deal of rejoicing but no beer; we celebrated by gorging ourselves with apples. Several of the young men of the village volunteered to accompany us back to our lines. They spoke reasonably good English and had considerable information as to the disposition of the German troops.

We held Son for three days and had one action. That came when our battalion was detailed to clean out a German pocket menacing a road. Jerry put up a stiff fight at first, but we drove him out into an open field crossed by drainage ditches and he started giving up.

Pfc. Ernest Miller of Payson, Utah, was charging from a ditch firing his BAR when it blew up in his face. Carried forward by the impetus of the charge, Miller leaped into the next ditch waving his trench knife. The occupants — three Nazis armed with machine guns and a mortar— threw away their weapons, shouted "Americans!" and surrendered.

THE next day the regiment made a forced march to Veghel, about nine miles down the line, where Jerry was putting up strong efforts to cut the road. One of the companies went into position to set up an outpost.

Two German noncoms who were cautiously working toward the line, bringing with them a blindfolded sergeant of one of our parachute units, were themselves taken prisoner. The parachutist said he had been captured the day before, when he and another sergeant sighted what appeared to be a white flag waving from the German lines. The white flag turned out to be Jerry's artillery direction finder. The two Germans had been hooked on different bait — they had volunteered to enter our lines in the hope of finding American chocolate.

Capt. Walter Miller of Washington, D. C., arranged an old-fashioned horse trade. One of the Germans was sent back, returning with the other American parachutist. The four noncoms, two Yanks and two Germans, then parted company on the banks of the Wilhelmina Canal, each pair returning to its own lines. But it was better than an even swap. From his interrogation of the Germans and from reports of the freed parachutists, Capt. Miller learned that our artillery was missing the German CP by about 200 yards. The mistake was corrected.

In the meantime the remainder of the regiment, now strengthened by scattered groups which had failed to finish the first flight, was sitting tight on roads and bridges assuring the command of Veghel.

A battalion of Hermann Goering troops was reported ready to make a do-or-die attempt on our position, but the attack never came off. The Germans contented themselves with an occasional shelling and one unsuccessful attempt by a demolition party to destroy our bridges. Otherwise the boys in Veghel were left to divide their time between outpost duty and what passes in the Army for personal reconnaissance.

This reconnaissance yielded a lot of valuable information. Dutch girls are good looking and as plentiful as Dutch apples. Most of the Dutch know more English than most Americans know Dutch. You can get a pair of Dutch shoes for two packs of cigarettes if you're lucky and a bottle of wine for seven packs. But just where you can get them is something of a military secret.

This Week's Cover

IN the Pacific, where carrier planes have been extensively used in blasting the Japs on the Philippines, one of the Navy's Avengers comes in for a landing on a flattop. The landing signal man is waving the pilot off because the plane is in improper position. Next time it was okay—with no "go away."

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—U. S. Navy. 3—Signal Corps. 4—Upper, Coffman, PWB; lower left, Hecox, PWB. 5—Upper, PWB; center, AFPU; lower, PA. 6—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 8—OWI. 9—Des Moines (Iowa) Register. 11—Upper, Sgt. Eddy Becker; lower two, Sgt. Arthur Benjamin. 13—Sgt. Jerry Hauser, Armed Forces Radio Service. 18—Upper left, Cpl. Irvin Rose, Fort Snelling, Minn.; upper right, Official Army Photo, Baxter General Hospital, Spokane, Wash.; lower center, AAFTC, Moody Field, Ga.; center right, AAFTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 19—Upper left, Gieger Field, Wash.; upper center, Mountain Home AAB, Idaho; upper left, Signal Corps, Camp Hood, Tex.; lower center, AAFTC, Tuskegee AAF, Ala. 20—MGM. 23—Upper, PA; lower, U. S. Coast Guard.

GIs clad in shorts gas the plane at Funafuti.

This CPO had a dog, guitar and whisky.

A colonel joins the Short Shorters and pays $3.

Flying the plane over one-tree Canton Island.

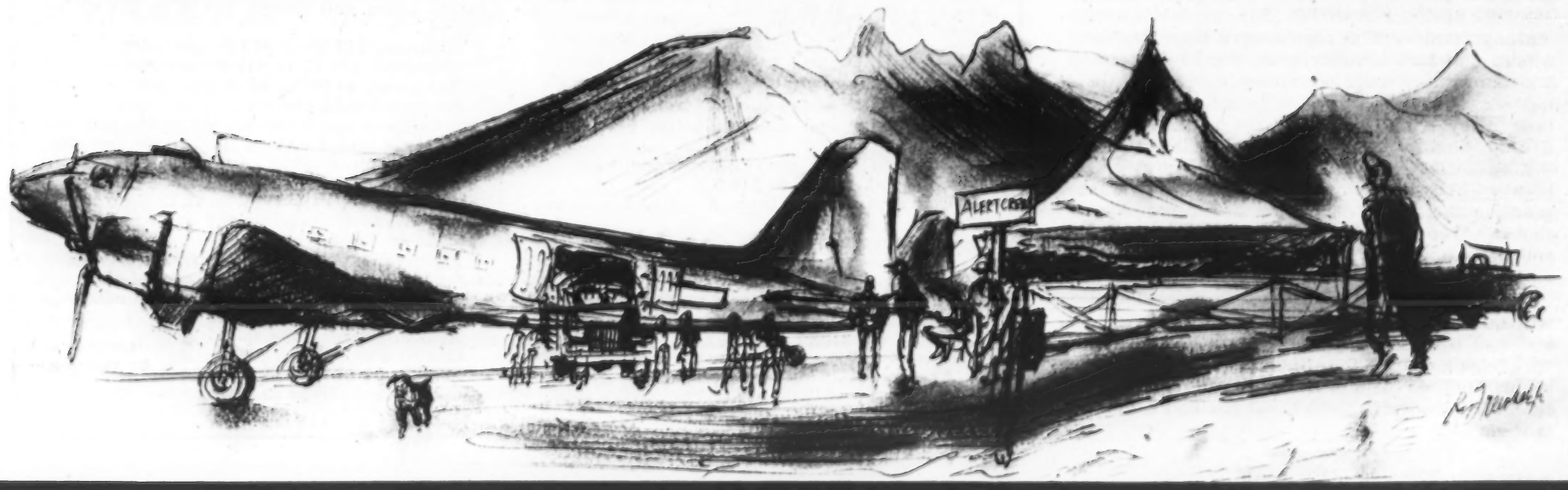
Sketches at 10,000 Feet

These drawings were finished by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Yank staff artist, while he was flying from Honolulu to New Caledonia. Greenhalgh made the Pacific journey in a Martin Mariner of the NATS (Naval Air Transport Service).

The galley. On every trip it's always cold.

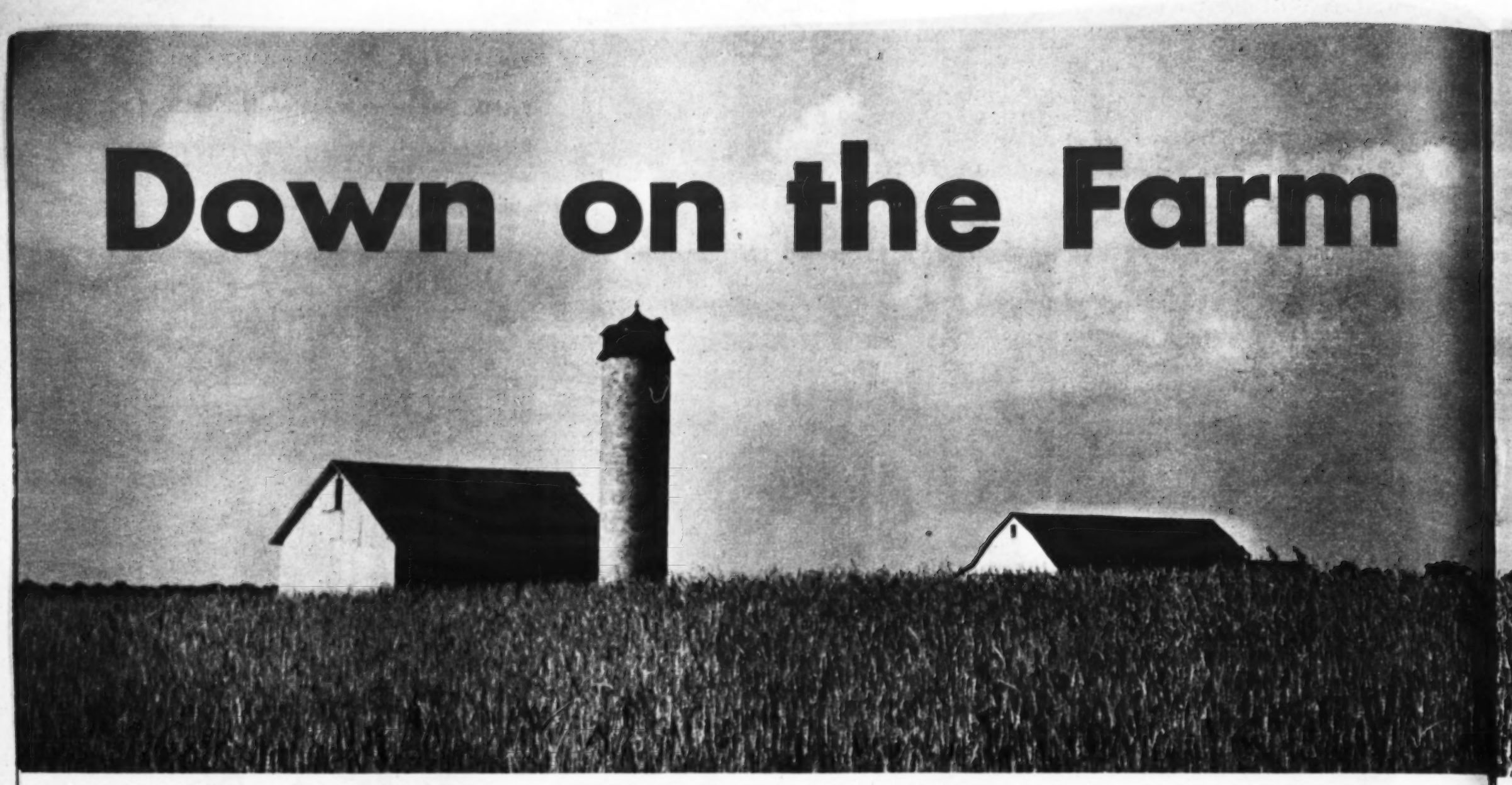
CPO's bored pooch Brownie yawns at 8,000 feet.

After a few hours the brass relaxes.



Unloading a C-47 near an alert-crew tent. These transports, the work horses of the Pacific, function as the military equivalent of commercial planes.

Down on the Farm



By Pvt. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

A GOOD hired man is hard to find in the farm country these days. Ed. J. Volz, who at 66 farms 480 acres near Des Moines, Iowa, had the problem licked. He had a good hired man, a respectable, steady fellow, 60 years old, who knew how to get milk out of cows, eggs out of chickens, spiders out of privies. All the good basic things.

The hired man made $100 a month and board. He was happy—until in a moment of baleful brooding he decided he could not really attain the abundant life without an automobile.

Volz bought him an automobile, admittedly an old one whose arteries could harden in harmony with those of its driver.

"I should never," said Volz, "have bought him that damned jalopy."

The hired man deserted the tinkle of Old Bossy's bell for the siren wail of the juke box. He developed a penchant for old whisky, young women, bucolic benders. He became a Juke-Box Jasper.

"Went plumb to hell," said Volz. "A-drinkin' and a-girlin' almost every night. Not gettin' back home hardly in time for milkin'. Had to get rid of him."

That's the way it goes. Farmers still have their problems. There is more work to be done than there ever was and there aren't enough hands to do it. But somehow, through sweat, a little newfangled machinery and some old-fashioned cussing, the job gets done.

("Too much work to be done to pay much attention to politics in this neck of the woods," said an old man in the grain elevator at Bondurant, Iowa. "Just the other night heard a political fellow on the radio say he was goin' to cut farmers' taxes. Sure. That will happen when the frogs do a two-step up the Mississippi.")

Many farmers who aren't more than one faint whoop and half-a-holler from the 70-year mark are more than ready to step aside and turn their farms over to sons who have been trained for the task. They can't. The sons are in service, and it is any man's guess when they will get out.

Like Volz. His boy Henry is a good farmer. But he went into the Army in March 1941. He's a sergeant in the Armored Forces, and his tank was shot out from under him at St. Lo in Normandy, and he is now in a hospital in the States with a wounded left arm.

Volz believes that Henry, his arm permitting, will take over the farm when the war is ended and run things. As far as Volz is concerned, it will be high time, too. Some days last summer he worked 15 hours. Now, when the chance comes, he wants to stretch out his feet and look at them.

"I'm a little concerned," he said, "about things I have read in the papers telling that a lot of Army boys who have lived in cities all their lives want to come back now and start farming. For the farm boys that will be fine. For the city boys, I'm a little doubtful. Making a living off the land is kinda tough. Tough even for an old codger like me who should know most of the ropes."

There are, said Volz, so many "triflin', mean little problems." Like the civet cat that got into the hen house and killed 80 baby chicks. The next night Volz trapped and killed the civet cat. That wasn't so bad, according to Volz, but taking "that doggoned cat out of the trap was plain disgustin'."

Of course, some city boys do make good farmers in spite of everything. Like Marion Ringoen, who lives on a 160-acre place near Ridgeway, Iowa, in Winneshiek County. Back in 1927 Ringoen taught physics and chemistry in the public schools. He'd never lived on a farm and didn't know shucks about farming. But he wearied of sitting behind a desk and decided to try his hand at something new.

Ringoen started in a small way, with six Brown Swiss cows and a bull. Now he has one of Iowa's highest-producing dairy herds, with more than 30 choice animals, an annual average production per cow of 375 to 400 pounds of butterfat and a 4-percent milk test.

In the bargain, he raises 150 to 160 crossbred hogs a year. About a month ago he sold a batch of shoats that averaged just slightly under 200 pounds at five months and three weeks old.

At least part of the reason for Ringoen's success is his scientific training. He is constantly studying the feed program and production records of his cows, for example. All cows are fed according to individual production records, which are carefully checked morning and evening.

"I get a lot of satisfaction out of farming," Ringoen says. But he doesn't recommend the course he followed as an easy way to get ahead. "I had to feel my way. It took me five years to learn what farming was all about."

(In front of the store in the little town a man in overalls was whittling on a piece of wood. "That," said the mayor, "is the village half-wit. Smartest fellow in town. Been whittling like that for years. Making battleships, he says. First man in the whole country, I guess, to get busy on a two-ocean navy.")

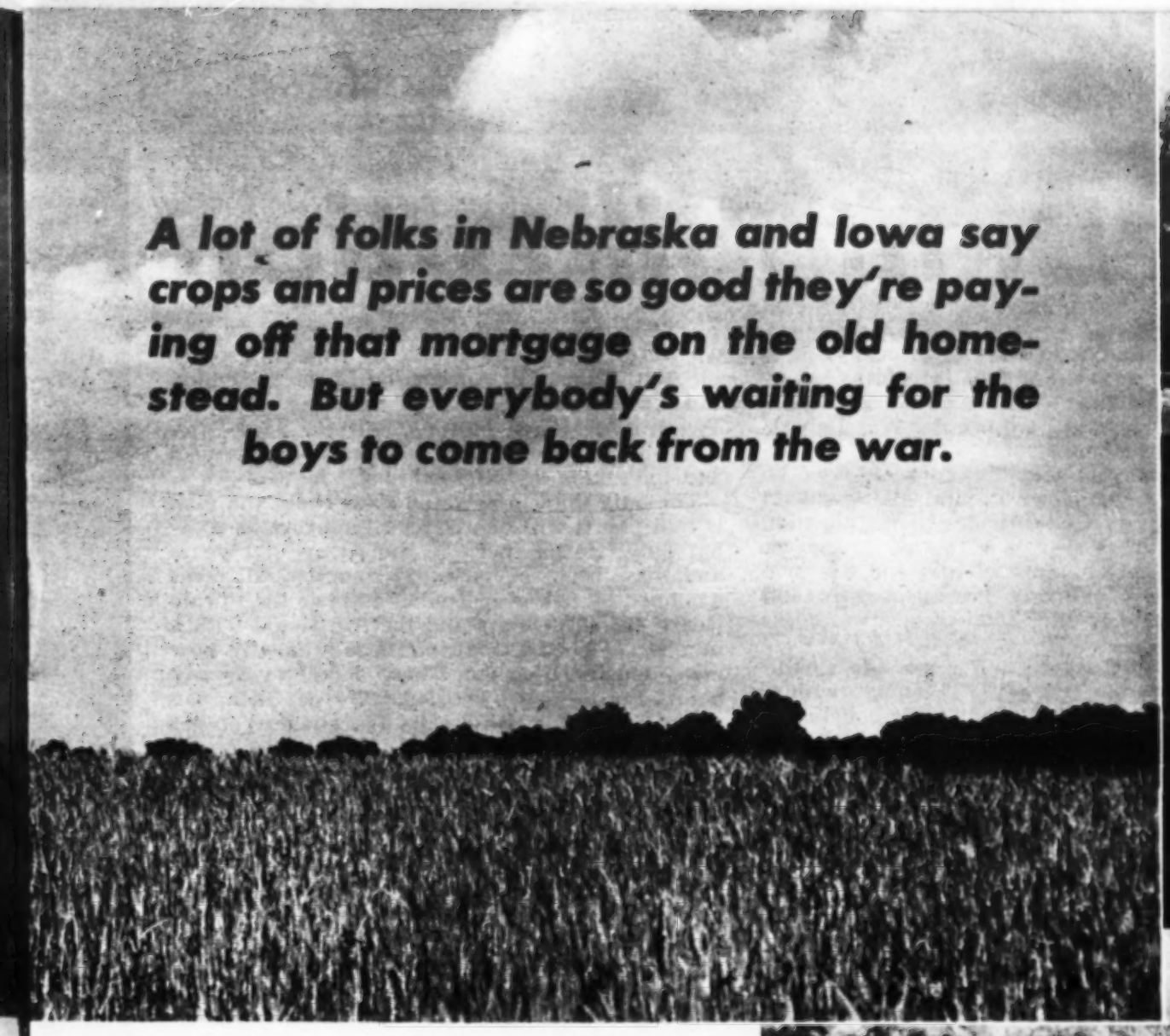
THERE is no doubt that most farmers have been making money. Squirreling some of it away, too, paying off mortgages, improving the place. Like Ed Rieck, who farms 350 acres in Polk County, Iowa. His 25-year-old son Norman is a sergeant in a ground crew in Italy, and Rieck, like all farm dads, is counting the days until the boy comes home.

"He's been in Africa and Sicily and a helluva lot of places he doesn't like," said Rieck. "When he writes back, he keeps asking about things on the farm. Tells a little about being bombed and strafed and a lot more about how he hopes the corn is coming along. Keeps asking about a pair of old mules he was reared up with, names of

THE PRICES FARM PRODUCTS ARE BRINGING

Here are late wholesale prices on some of the principal farm commodities on the Chicago market:

WHEAT—No. 2 $1.66 per bu.
CORN—No. 2 $1.16 ceiling per bu.
OATS—67½¢ per bu.
BARLEY—$1.10 per bu.
HOGS—150 to 240 lbs., $14.75 per cwt.
Over 240 lbs., $14.00 per cwt.
CATTLE—Good and choice steers, $18.35 per cwt.
Western grass steers, $15.00 per cwt.
COWS—Good, $13.50 to $14.00.
Common and medium, $7.75 to $10.75 per cwt.
Canners and cutters, $5.00 to $6.75 per cwt.
Light canners, $4.50 per cwt.
BULLS—$8.00 to $11.00 per cwt.
Sausage, $11.50 per cwt.
Fat beef, $13.00 per cwt.
VEALERS—$16.00 per cwt.
Cull grade, $7.00 per cwt.
FEEDER CATTLE—$12.00 to $13.50 per cwt.
LAMBS—Good and choice, $14.50 to $14.85 per cwt.
Medium, $12.25 to $13.85 per cwt.
Common, $10.25 to $12.00 per cwt.
Fat ewes, $4.00 to $6.25 per cwt.
Feeder, $12.75 per cwt.
EGGS—Large 1 and 2 extras, 48¢ to 49¢ per doz.
Large 3 and 4 extras, 42¢ to 45¢ per doz.
POTATOES—Top quality, Idaho Russet, $3.10 per cwt.
CELERY—Top quality, $1.00 to $1.35 per crate.
CAULIFLOWER—Colorado pony crate, 12 heads, $2.75 to $2.85.
Michigan crate, 9 to 12 heads, $2.00 to $2.50.
MILK—$3.22 per cwt. (subsidy excluded).
CHEESE—Twins and cheddars, 23¼¢ per lb.
POULTRY—Fowl, 23¢ to 24¢ per lb.
Leghorn fryers, 21¢ to 22¢ per lb.
Old roosters, 19¢ to 20¢ per lb.
Ducklings, 22½¢ to 23½¢ per lb.
Old ducks, 17¢ to 18¢ per lb.


A lot of folks in Nebraska and Iowa say crops and prices are so good they're paying off that mortgage on the old homestead. But everybody's waiting for the boys to come back from the war.

Here's one farm without a labor shortage. Mabel, Helen and Berneice Fegebank, who help their father farm 239 acres near Paullina, Iowa, do the work of men. Last summer they tended the crops and did the chores at home and helped the neighbors, too.

Kate and Jack. Don't guess either mule is worth a damn, and I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for 'em."

Rieck makes no secret of his pride that he has paid off the mortgage on his farm since the war began. Next to a discharge, he said, it makes about as nice a present as Norman would want.

A mortgage company official said that of 385 mortgages held on farms by his company a year ago, all but 82 had been paid off. This, he declared, was typical of what is happening in the prairie states. "One fellow," he said, "pinned up the paid-up paper on the wall, like a pennant."

Rieck is producing 5,000 more bushels of corn a year than he did at the start of the war. Iowa's corn yield last year was 640,740,000 bushels, largest in the state's history. The Sept. 1 estimate for this year was 589,992,000 bushels, second largest. Last year Iowa's farm income hit a new peak of $1,636,000,000.

Not everywhere in the farm country, of course, is farm labor a problem. For instance, near Paullina, Iowa, on the 239-acre farm of Reinhard G. Fegebank, there is an air almost of complacency.

Fegebank has three daughters—Helen, 19; Berneice, 16, and Mabel, 13. They can pitch hay like Bucky Walters can pitch a baseball or a first sergeant can pitch guff. Their mother died in 1932 and they have grown up knowing the ropes. Their father vows that any one of them can do as much work in the fields as a man.

The girls helped put in the crops last spring, cultivated the corn, then put up 20 acres of hay. They cut and shocked 75 acres of oats at home, then went to the neighbors to help shock grain.

When neighbors wanted to pay the girls at the rate of $1 an hour for their work during the small-grain harvest, Fegebank said no, even though $1 an hour was the prevailing wage. He ruled that 50 cents an hour was enough. "Hadn't forgotten my younger days," he said, "when I only got $85 for a whole year's work on a farm."

While Helen and her father went threshing, Berneice went to the Elmer Haht farm nearby and ran the binder for 20 acres of flax. Helen threshed until the threshing ring was finished, and when they threshed at home Berneice stacked straw. The girls also helped the neighbors with late haying. They pick corn by hand, and they do all the chores, night and morning, winter and summer.

The chores, incidentally, are no small job, what with their father owning 17 head of high-grade Hereford cattle, four milk cows, 90 head of hogs, 250 chickens, one goose and 14 ducks.

(In Lincoln, Nebr., at a hamburger stand near the railroad station, where quart-size milkshakes sell for 15 cents, the cook leaned against the counter and said he kinda believed George Norris died because he didn't see much use in living any longer. "The old senator," the cook observed, "damned well always had a mind of his own.")

On many farms in the prairie states last summer, farmers put headlights on tractors and worked around the clock. Harvey Hunt rides a tractor equipped for night work on the Doyle farm near Ankeny, Iowa.

Near Lincoln, Ernest Brandt farms 500 acres. He has two sons in the Field Artillery—Clifford, 25, in Italy, and Everett, 30, "in France, or maybe in Germany now." He has a third son Harley, 20, who has been deferred.

"Harley felt pretty bad about his brothers being in the service and his staying back on the home place," said Brandt. "But we needed him powerful bad, and his brothers kept writing to him telling him to stay right here. Harley is taking care of Clifford's milk route now, and Clifford keeps writing him to keep in the saddle and plug away. He doggoned well wants to have that milk route when he comes back."

(An Iowa farm wife suggested to the Des Moines Office of Price Administration that it do something to impede her husband's romance with another woman. Wasn't so much the trifling that ruffled her feathers, she said, as the fact that he was using all the family gasoline visiting the girl. Not only did he use all the regular highway gasoline coupons but he had dipped into the tractor fuel and the gasoline rations she got for her washing machine.)

Nationally, farmers have been doing the same thing they have been doing in the prairie states—working long hours, getting the job done, producing as they never have produced before.

Statistics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture tell their own story.

For illustration, 836,298,000 bushels of wheat were produced over the nation in 1943 compared with an average national yield from 1932 to 1941 of 738,412,000 bushels. And this was despite the fact that acreage devoted to wheat had declined in 1943 to 50,554,000 acres from the 1932-41 average of 54,572,000 acres.

Corn production in 1943 was 3,076,159,000 bushels compared with a yearly average of 2,349,267,000 for 1932-41. Corn acreage also increased in 1943, going to 94,790,000 acres from the 1932-41 average of 94,511,000 acres.

Production of oats over the same period increased from 1,018,783,000 bushels to 1,143,867,000 bushels.

Production of hay went up from 82,952,000 tons — the 1932-41 average — to 99,543,000 tons.

And soybeans, which are just about as versatile in wartime as a wild jack in a poker game, scooted up from a 51,571,000-bushel average in 1932-41 to 195,762,000 bushels in 1943.

A farmer at a store in Newton, Iowa, summed up the soybean situation.

"They will do anything for you," he said, "except keep house."

All through the farm country buildings are freshly painted. Crops are good. So are prices. Even outhouses are painted. That's a sure sign things are going well.

GI Views on Demobilization

"My feeling," said Pvt. Norman Moore, 20 years old, of Philadelphia, Pa., who is stationed in the Persian Gulf, "is that they ought to let the older men out."

And T-5 Frank (Shorty) Ianuccilli of Providence, R. I., who has been in the Army for three years, two of them in the Caribbean, said: "I guess this demobilization plan is OK, but you can put down that I don't give a damn how I get out, just so I get out." Then he added:

"I'll admit, though, that guys in combat should get out first. They are the guys who are doing all the work. Fellows with kids should go home first if it's a choice between them and single men."

That's what two of the many GIs questioned by YANK correspondents all over the world think of the demobilization plan that is to go into effect when we defeat Germany. Most of the men who were questioned think the plan is a good one. There was some criticism, of course, and a number of suggestions were made.

Most of the criticism can be summed up this way: older men should be released from the service, and no credit should be given for battle decorations, because (so critical GIs say) they have sometimes been given out too freely.

Oddly, a great number of the men who believe that older men should be released from the Army are in their early 20s; and most of those who don't want points given for battle decorations are men who have received them.

EVERYBODY agrees that the men who have seen combat should have the highest priority.

Here's what the men had to say about the discharge of soldiers who have been in combat:

Cpl. Louis C. Arnold, 22 years old, of Louisville, Ky., in the Army 25 months, 16 of them in the Persian Gulf: "It gives fellows at the front, in actual battle, a break, which is the way it should be. The Army is trying to be fair, and I am all for the plan." Arnold has one child.

Sgt. Alfred Breese, 28, of Trenton, N. J., also believes combat men should get the first nod. He's been in the Caribbean for 13 months.

"In general," he said, "the plan looks OK to me. But when they start determining point ratings, credit should be about one to two for domestic and overseas service. They should get at least 13 points for each campaign."

Breese, who is single, thinks married men should not get any points for a wife. As a matter of fact, the plan doesn't give points for wives, but it does give credit for dependent children.

T/Sgt. Milton Koren, 28, of Long Island City, N. Y., who has served with the Eighth Air Force in the ETO for 17 months, said: "I'm in favor of giving a break to the men who have been in combat on the ground or in the air."

Koren also spoke about what he called the unfairness of giving demobilization points for battle stars. "Ground crews in the Eighth Air Force have two battle stars on theater ribbons for western European air offensives before and after D Day," he said. "On the other hand, service squadrons that have worked side by side with these men, in many cases doing the same work, haven't been made eligible for awards. Unless that's corrected somehow, the demobilization plan will be unfair to service squadrons."

Pfc. Cas Haak of Cicero, Ill., in the 9th Division, which saw action in North Africa and is now on the Western Front, said: "Maybe a guy gets through these tough campaigns and has been in two or three years, but he never gets wounded and never wins any medals. Another guy, a replacement say, who is in only six months, gets a couple of shrapnel wounds in his tail because he's got lead in it. That doesn't look fair to me. Why don't they let the men over here go home and let those guys go out to the Pacific?"

Sgt. Morris Cooper of Bridgeport, Conn., in the CBI for 14 months and now at a B-29 base in India, also thinks battle decorations have been too freely given.

"A lot of men are getting battle stars and theater ribbons and maybe other decorations just because they are lucky and not because they deserve them," Cooper said. "There is also a lot of loose awarding of battle stars to men who never get close to battle. I don't think giving extra demobilization points for these men is fair to those of us who weren't as lucky. Each man's service record should be carefully examined for things like this before points are finally awarded. But all in all, I think the War Department plan is excellent."

Cooper is married and 30 years old, but he doesn't think that age or marital status should have anything to do with the demobilization plan. "Young unmarried men," he said, "are just as anxious to get home as we are, and we have the advantage of already having a wife and maybe a home to go back to."

A LOT of men disagree and think age should be considered. Sgt. W. J. Bennett, with a fighter group in the ETO, said: "Our conclusion after studying the plan is that a 21-year-old father may be discharged before a 40-year-old broken-down man."

Sgt. Donald B. Hanks of Houston, Tex., who has been in the CBI for 17 months said: "The American Legion says the demobilization plan is good, so it's OK for me. I do think, though, that older men and men with dependent parents should get extra preference." Hanks is 23.

And Cpl. Donald A. Himan of Chicago, who has been in the Army 28 months, 20 of them in the Middle East, said: "I think it is a fair system, but they should consider that age is a point credit, although combat and overseas service should come first."

T-4 Moe Handeh of New York City, who has been in Puerto Rico and Trinidad for 13 months, said: "I believe the demobilization plan is very fair except for one thing. Age wasn't considered. It seems to me that at least 30 should be just about the right age limit for discharge."

Handeh spoke also about point credit for overseas duty and dependents. "Credit for overseas service," he said, "should be at least double the credit given for service in the States. A man should be given more credit for dependent children than for any other one thing. I don't think marriage alone should be considered, since many men would get married now just to become eligible for discharge. But credit might be given for a wife if you've been married a year."

Among the many GIs who agree with Handeh is Cpl. Robert E. Cornish of Chattanooga, Tenn., who has been in the Army two years, with 14 months of that time overseas. He's an infantryman and a veteran of combat in the Aleutians and the Marshall Islands. "I've been in two campaigns," he said. "I'm married and have a child. It seems to me the system is fair, and combat men deserve their priority, with married men next."

1st Sgt. Tom Lampert of Jersey City, N. J., who has been in the Caribbean 27 months, said: "The trouble with the plan as it has been stated so far is that it doesn't make provision for dependents other than children. A dependent wife, such as an invalid, or a dependent parent, should also give a man points. Single men with dependents should get as much credit as fathers."

Pfc. Russ Peyton of Atlantic City, N. J., who is a machine gunner on an ammunition train in the Southwest Pacific, believes the "general plan" is okay but that medals shouldn't figure in the deal, and neither should children.

"Hell," he said, "we'd all have had kids if we'd had the chance."

Cpl. Carl Smith of Louisville, Ga., who is 24 and has been in the Army 26 months, 16 of them at an advanced base in the Aleutians, agrees with Peyton. He said: "What about all the guys who got married after Pearl Harbor? I don't think dependents they got that way should have much to do with their getting out. Some of the rest of us could have seen our way clear to get married, too, if we hadn't gotten into the Army just when we were right in the middle of something else."

S/Sgt. Donald B. Abernathy, 22, of Lafayette, Ind., who has been on 34 missions with the Twelfth Air Force in Italy, felt the same way about points for children. "I want to get married and have kids myself some day," he said.

The only thing Abernathy likes about the plan is that points will be awarded for overseas combat duty. He has been in the Army four years and has been overseas 27 months. He was wounded by flak over Toulon and has the Purple Heart, six battle stars and the Air Medal with a number of clusters. "I don't know exactly how many clusters I've got. There shouldn't be any points for awards," he said. "We get them too easily. Points for battle stars are a joke. You get them for practically nothing, just being around."

T-5 Garry Vandeberg, 28, of Sioux Center, Iowa, has been in the Army four years and overseas 31 months. He has seen action with the 34th Division in North Africa and in Italy, where he is now. Vandeberg praised the War Department for adopting a plan that takes into consideration the views of most GIs. "I'm in favor of the point system," he said. "It's the fairest way to demobilize the troops."

T-4 Charles Reagor, 30, who has the Silver Star, the Purple Heart and two campaign stars for Guadalcanal and New Georgia, has been in the South Pacific 25 months. He is married but has no children. "I was impressed," he said, "with the fact that the machinery will be ready when Germany falls. And when Japan falls, it should be oiled and working full swing."

Pfc. Eugene McCoy of Rochester, N. Y., who is with the 4th Infantry Division on the Western Front, noted that the War Department said men in outfits with specially developed techniques will be needed in the Pacific.

"They don't seem to realize," he said, "that many of the troops with experience, say in landing tactics and in winning beachheads, aren't in their original outfits any more. The combat outfits have many replacements now. If the replacements who have had only a few months' training can replace experienced men here, why can't other replacements take over where we leave off when the war here is finished? I don't like the point system. The trouble is that when we win a tough fight, our officers get the Silver Stars."

T/Sgt. E. D. Gorsucs of Baltimore, Md., in Western Europe with the Ninth Air Force as an aviation mechanic, said: "I'm a National Guardsman and I've been in since Oct. 12, 1940. I was on submarine patrol for 2½ years as a flight engineer on Liberators doing convoy duty. Then I spent 15 months in Europe. There's a lot of fellows who have been in since this show started and who have been overseas a long time. But there's nothing in this plan to give us a break."

As a matter of fact, Sgt. Gorsucs will get point credits for each month he has been in the Army since Sept. 16, 1940, additional points for each month he has been overseas, points for his battle stars and for certain decorations he may have.

YANK has received a great many letters on the demobilization plan from GIs in the States. Most of them agree that men who have seen combat and who have been overseas for a long time should be discharged. But they say they didn't ask to be kept in the States and that generally they were kept in the States because of their age or because of physical defects unfitting them for overseas duty. These two factors, they say, will make it hard for them to readjust themselves to a highly competitive civilian life.

"How about us forgotten men who are 38 or over?" said Pvt. Arthur J. Micha of Biggs Field, Tex. "I read Gen. Marshall has no use for older men, so why don't we get discharges? I see Bobby Jones and Clark Gable got discharges." He's been in the Army 27 months and has two children.

Sgt. G. D. Thompson of Indiantown Gap, Pa., who is in the Air Forces, agreed that men who have been in combat overseas should "get the first break." But, he said, "I've never ducked a job yet and have tried for overseas, too. Because of my age I have been retained here." Thompson was drafted two years ago when he was 38.

Back From Bulgaria

When their guards started to salute them, U. S. flyers in an Axis prison camp knew that the Red Army was on the way.

By Sgt. ROBERT Mc BRINN
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT—The raid on Ploesti started out like any other raid, but it took 13 months to get back.

After all that time in an Axis prison camp in Bulgaria, freedom tastes good to American airmen shot down on the first bombing of what was then Hitler's main oil source. Most of them are back with their outfits now, thanks to the Red Army. They passed through Cairo on the way, after a train and plane trip out of Bulgaria through Greece and Turkey.

Almost every raid after that first one to Ploesti added a few more men to the prison camp at Shumen near Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. Eventually there were 170 GIs, 170 U. S. officers and 24 other prisoners, including British and Canadian flyers, Yugoslav Partisans, a Dutchman and a Greek paratrooper.

S/Sgt. Stanley H. Horine of Los Angeles, an 18-year-old tail gunner on a B-24 on the first Ploesti raid, was the only man on his crew to come out alive. He bailed out after the pilot and co-pilot were killed. He saw his buddies jumping, too, but their parachutes were on fire.

Horine was picked up by some tough Bulgar mountain police and marched off to a hospital. Flyers from other crews had been rounded up and a Hitler-type corporal was ordering them through the streets. The Americans were carrying two wounded men, T/Sgt. Lloyd Brisbi of New Orleans and S/Sgt. Ned Howard of Little Rock, Ark. You could see everyone thought these two were great guys. Everybody called them Briz and Uncle Bud.

Horine later found that Uncle Bud had soaked up a bucketful of machine-gun bullets in the leg and had gone 24 hours without medical aid.

As each man was let out of the hospital he was taken to a small prison camp right in the middle of a bunch of ammunition sheds.

"One of our worst experiences," said Horine, "was when the Americans made their first raid on Sofia. We were locked in cells during the bombing. We begged the guards to let us try to find a safe shelter, but it was no go. One bomb hit in that area and we'd have gone sky high."

In October the prisoners were herded into a cattle car and hauled away by train to Shumen in upper Bulgaria. There 100 men were billeted in a two-room barracks. The food ration was a half-loaf of dark bread a day with some crushed-bean soup. Almost everyone got the GIs and there was only a one-holer for the entire gang.

Winter set in and the prisoners, trying to keep warm around one little monkey stove in each room, made a "three-foot rule." This meant nobody could stand within three feet of the stove. That way more men could share the heat.

A lot of men had no decent shoes and none had any more clothes than the flying suits they were wearing when they were shot down.

The camp commandant was a bird whose house in Sofia was wrecked by Allied bombs and he took out his grudge on the prisoners. When some British flyers were captured, they had to stand up in a public square in Sofia while crowds milled around jeering and threatening them.

When Nazi agents pumped S/Sgt. Charles (Red) Dameron of Goldsboro, N. C., a gunner, all the information he'd give was his name, rank and serial number. They blindfolded and backed him against a wall and called for a firing squad. When he still didn't crack, they called off the grim game.

Naturally there was a lot of planning for an escape, but only one try. It lasted 10 minutes.

Lt. Thomas Judd, a fighter pilot from Washington, D. C., was the ringleader. Judd has a memento from his last dogfight over Sofia—a scar that starts over his right eye and disappears into his close-cropped black hair. Three other lieutenants agreed to try to make the break with him. They were Robert Schultz of Appleton, Wis.; Patrick Maegler of Rochester, N. Y., and Joseph Quigley of Newark, N. J.

S Sgt. Floyd Schlauch, Washington, D. C., and 2d Lt. Laurence Woolhouse, Chicago, land in Egypt. Schlauch's grin tells its own story

Sgt. William R. Harkness of Athens, La., rests at camp in Middle East. Obviously he has had enough of Bulgarian PW camps to last him.

S Sgt. Lloyd Barnes, Little Rock, Ark., and Cpl. Harry Ross, New York City, eat U. S. chow once more and seem to approve of it

"The night of the break," said Judd, "everything was set except who was going over the fence first. One of the boys pulled four straws out of a mattress and we all drew one. I had first pick and got the shortest straw.

"We made the fence okay and dropped over. We thought we were in a long deep ravine but instead we crawled out of the underbrush onto flat ground almost at the feet of a Bulgarian guard. He started tooting his whistle and in a minute we were surrounded.

"The camp commandant shouted and stamped when he heard that the ungrateful Americans had tried to get away from his 'rest camp.'"

All this time the prisoners were organized just like an Army post. The CO was the ranking officer, Maj. Walter A. Smith, a 28-year-old banker from Savannah, Ga. The major was pilot of a Liberator that ran into a fountain of flak over Sofia. Under him were an executive officer, adjutant, top sergeant, and KP and fatigue details. There was even an S-2 whose job was to bribe the prison guards to smuggle in rumors from the outside world and Bulgarian newspapers.

"Our pipe line was so good," said the major, "we knew about the Allied landing in Normandy two days after it happened.

"You could follow the progress of war on the Eastern Front by the way the guards acted. The closer the Russians got to Bulgaria, the more polite the guards became."

As their treatment eased, the prisoners tried to find ways to amuse themselves. They built an outdoor bowling alley and carved pins out of sticks. The officers teamed up against the GIs, using a round rock for a ball until one of the guards sold them a wooden bowling ball.

Twice a week the prisoners gave their own version of USO shows, as they remembered them. This was always good for a laugh and it was even better after a Red Cross Prisoners of War box arrived from somewhere. In the box were a record player and a collection of records, a couple of guitars and 40 pairs of bowling shoes. Maj. Smith got one of the guitars and joined the show with a black-face act. He also played in the Shumen Symphony Orchestra. Some of the other instruments were a home-made drum and bottles, jugs and pans. Emcee was usually Lt. Julian T. Darlington of Washington, D. C. He ran a quiz show and the man who answered the $64 question got an egg for a prize.

Before the Red Cross box came, the prisoners had to make decks of cards from the tops of Bulgarian cigarette boxes smuggled in by the guards.

Pretty soon the guards started letting a street peddler come into the camp. He really cleaned up. He got $1 for a razor blade, 50 cents for a cake of lye soap and $3.50 for a little bar of chocolate. By this time the GIs were getting paid $10 a month. For many months before that the officers were getting about $40 to $60 a month, but the enlisted men were going broke. Several officers split their money with their crews.

WHEN the guards suddenly started saluting the American officers, Maj. Smith figured the Russians must have had Bulgaria in a tight spot. He asked to see the camp commandant and after a lot of fast talking he was given a plane and a pilot so he could make a trip to talk to some higher officials. The major was a good man. Soon the prisoners were told Maj. Smith had arranged for a train to take them to Turkey.

There was no question as to who was going to have the honor of being the first to walk out of the prison. The whole gang had decided long ago that when that moment arrived, two guys who never let anything get under their skin and who did their damndest to keep the rest of the outfit laughing would lead the exit. There were a lot of moist eyes when the prisoners lined up behind Briz and Uncle Bud to march to the train.

Two hours later Russian GIs took Shumen.

All along the route Bulgarians cheered the train carrying the Allied flyers. Everyone thought they were Russians coming to free Bulgaria.

On "Mail Call" W. C. Fields tries to reduce Charlie McCarthy to a pile of sawdust. Bergen and Paulette Goddard look on in horror as Fields goes to work.

Judy Garland, Bing Crosby and Jimmy Durante blend their voices in a little musical number thoughtfully entitled "The Canary, the Groaner and the Nose."

It seems there was a doughfoot who wanted to know what Ann Miller would sound like if she danced in GI brogans. Answering his request, Annie donned GI brogans and danced

GI M

Every week in Los Angeles or New York, the Armed Forces Radio Service gathers together a de luxe assortment of top names in stage, screen and radio and puts them before a microphone. Mostly the stars do request numbers for GIs

Everything on "Command Performance" is a request. In this particular combination are comedian Phil Silvers making like a Pied Piper with two mice flanking him, simulated by red-headed Constance Moore and leg-lovely Betty Grable

Lamour without her sarong, which doesn't carry on the air anyway, rolls a pair of dice.

Comedian Danny Kaye and singer Dinah Shore rehearse a routine for a GI show. From the look on Dinah's kisser, Danny gets as many laughs in the studio as on the air.

A homesick marine asked to hear the sound of San Francisco foghorns. Ginny Simms, one of our better foghorns, gives and Frances Langford watches her.

Frank Morgan and Gene Tierney stand by for the signal that will start their section of "Command Performance" recorded for overseas GIs

MIKE

overseas and it's a rare request that's too tough or too ridiculous to rate an answer. All shows are recorded and shipped out to be broadcast by radio stations overseas. These pictures were taken at the Los Angeles studios by Sgt. Jerry Mousner.

The "GI Journal" show imitates a newspaper. It's the only newspaper whose pin-up editors, Linda Darnell and Lucille Ball, look as good as its pin-up girls.

Lena Horne goes on the air in "Jubilee." The song she sings will go out on recordings to stations that reach U. S. servicemen and women on overseas duty.

MAIL CALL

Not Much Formality

Dear YANK:

I just got to read your article on Col. Philip Cochran. I just want to add I happened to be a mechanic in the "Screwball Squadron" in Tunisia when Cochran took over. You said that when Cochran took over there were remnants of two squadrons there. There was just one squadron there and later another of the same group showed up.

In those days there wasn't very much formality. Beards were more common than not. During the day we were too damn busy getting a plane that was on the ground back into the air by using parts from another which was in worse shape. What tech supply we had with us was all there was.

Anyway, we weren't bothered with much brass. One day Gen. Doolittle dropped in with some more brass. Jerry wanted to show off that day, so we were strafed twice in the morning, and then in the afternoon they paid us a call with 10 JU-88s. The general's transport took off very shortly after this. Also two news correspondents, Pyle and Liebling (the *New Yorker*), decided it was time they went back to write their articles. They'd been there a couple of weeks.

As I say, things just ran themselves, with everyone sweating out the chow line except pilots going out on a mission. If you wanted to get chewed out but good, just salute someone.

We lived in dugouts that we made ourselves; officers, too, and they cared for their own baggage. Anyone slept where she chose. In our shack there was a second lieutenant, a tech sergeant and two lowly corporals, but everyone had his day of room orderly. Sure we got plenty of hell, but we had fun and figured we dished out more than we took. Maj. Levi Chase was our big gun and went home quite a hero.

I don't think there are many from that "Screwball" gang that would not go to hell and back with Cochran, for we knew he would be right out in front.

China —Cpl. JOHN HOLLEY

Jeeps on the Farm

Dear YANK:

We read the article "Jeeps on the Farm" in a recent issue of YANK and we don't think much of Miss Dorothy V. Knibb's opinion. In the first place, she is trying to compare the jeep with the passenger car, which it was never meant to be. She says the jeep has no shock absorbers, which is wrong. We have been working on jeeps for 19 months. They have been used in mud, water, dust, hot and cold weather. They have proved themselves to be satisfactory in all conditions.

In several cases we have used the jeep motor as a stationary motor. It will stand up as good if not better than any other motor of its size. Miss Knibb made the statement that a pulley assembly for a jeep wouldn't cost more than $50. A pulley assembly can be made for a jeep without the cost being over $5. We're not car salesmen but we don't want people to get the wrong opinion of the jeep by someone who has taken a couple of rides in one.

India —Sgt. NORMAN SMITH*

*Also signed by T-4 Frank Romano.

Dear YANK:

... The looks of the jeep don't bother the GI who wants one. He will paint it a different color and maybe add to the body. The men that I have talked to about owning a jeep after the war are the boys that now drive and ride in them.

It is true that the jeep doesn't ride like a '42 model car but it has four separate hydraulic shock-absorbers of the type used on the better late-model cars. It doesn't have the riding quality of a car because of the short springs. I find that by adding a cushion to the almost cushionless seat you get a much better ride.

As for the gas consumption, it isn't bad. Many drivers have told me that they made between 27 to 32 miles per gallon when traveling on hard-surfaced roads. The average truck driver in the Army is very hard on the equipment with fast stops and starts. The man owning his own jeep wouldn't rough it as much and could save a little on gas.

Miss Knibb states that running the engine at reduced speed will harm it. If she was speaking of aircraft engines, she would be correct. The engine in a jeep is designed to run at any speed, preferably low speeds. The slower you run the engine the longer it will last. Any car driver knows that. Another advantage of the jeep is its tires. They are the same size as the standard '37 to '42 model cars. Its engine is built to stand punishment. It has a heavy-duty generator, oil-bath air cleaner, oil filter, gasoline filter and very good hydraulic brakes.

Carlstrom Field, Fla. —A/C ANTON J. BOZICH

Dear YANK:

The farmer of today is not the mute brute depicted by "The Man With the Hoe." Farmers well know that for the past three years most farmers in the U. S. have been running their trucks, tractors and cars on makeshift parts. Farmers have been their own mechanics, doing a swell job of keeping the machinery of agriculture going with next to no help from others.

After the war, farmers are going to need new tractors, trucks and cars to replace the already overworked ones. These new machines cannot be built, transported and marketed overnight. There will be a period between the end of the war and the time these new machines become available during which a substitute would be a godsend. Reconditioned jeeps fresh out of the Army motor pools would be such a substitute if made available to the American farmer.

AAF, Westhampton Beach, N. Y. —Cpl. F. E. MARTIN

Fair Play

Dear YANK:

Isn't it about time some of these post newspaper editors stopped re-serving the propaganda cooked up by antilabor newspapers? Don't they know that three-fourths of our guns are turned out by union men and women? Official Government figures show less than 1 percent of production is lost because of cessation of work from strikes. In that respect labor is even purer than Ivory soap. . . .

One out of every four GIs is or was a union man. We still hear from the fellows and gals who are working and we see the results in victories of their work. On the whole, they've done a good job. Why don't these service-paper editors read a few of those letters and scan a few union papers and maybe print some extracts from them?

Aleutians —T-4 BILL REUBENS

Added Burden

Dear YANK:

The question of a bonus should be approached from a number of sides, but the economic is one of the most important. A bonus would entail billions of dollars at a time when heavy taxes are already breaking the back of the middle class. It is from this class that America will come back on the wide highway of peace and prosperity.

A bonus added to the already-neat present granted by the GI Bill of Rights would be nothing more or less than economic suicide. The men and women in service want a chance to make their own living. That fact would be made more difficult by an overcrowding of the money market and a sharp rise in prices that would affect all people.

It is granted that in some cases a money grant beyond that offered by the GI Bill of Rights might be necessary. In cases of this kind, set up some Government agency to meet the emergency. After careful investigation make the loan and permit the veteran a long period of time to repay.

Let us feel that the job we have done was one that needs no present from our Government. It was a job that needed doing, if America was to survive as a great nation. All we ask of our Government is continued peace, for as Americans we can take care of ourselves.

France —JAMES J. FLYNN CBM.

Dear YANK:

A bonus for post-war veterans? Wouldn't that be robbing Peter to pay Paul? The people of the U. S. are the Government, and when one group as huge as the veterans of this war receive direct hand-outs, the bill will be footed to a large extent by us. But, more important, there has been, and will be more intensified, a tendency for us to feel that the Government owes us something. It does, and it will pay us in future security and the best medical care, as well as the several points of the GI Bill of Rights. France fell in 1940 because, over a period of years, all organized groups were out for themselves rather than for France as a whole.

I do think we should consider the good of the entire country before we make huge demands on the Government.

England —Pfc. E. H. HILLIARD

Finger Bowls

Dear YANK:

I fear that my brother Elmer Lambiotte [who complained about leaky raincoats in a recent *Mail Call*] doesn't know too much about GI raincoats. It was never intended that they should shed rain. They are made in such a way that the rain filters through the cloth, slowly runs down the length of the body and thus bathes and cools same all in one operation. The fact that the pockets fill up with water is a blessing. Anyone who has served in the field during rainy seasons knows that it is a delightful sensation, after eating in the rain, to dip one's hands into the water-filled pockets and wash said hands free of food particles. Garrison soldiers are not so furnished with finger bowls. . . .

Brazil —T/Sgt. J. A. LAMBIOTTE

Rate of Exchange

Dear YANK:

About a month ago I was reassigned from ETO to the Central Pacific. Upon my arrival in the States I had in my possession a 500-franc note, which I attempted to change into American currency. At that time I was told to try my next station. They told me that any finance officer would be only too glad to change the bill for me. Since then I've tried a dozen finance officers here and in the States and always they have the same answer: "We know what it's worth, but we haven't any rate of exchange." Do you honestly think I'll ever get that money exchanged? If so, when? The latest I heard was that a radiogram was sent to Washington for authorization last week.

Somewhere Overseas —T-5 NORMAN COLTUN

That Film-Strip Girl

Dear YANK:

Some time ago you had in *Mail Call* an explanation of the gal and the numbers found on movie film before the movie begins. The explanation was fine as far as it went, but the part that is most important to those operating projectors was left out.

When a projector is loaded properly, the film is threaded through the machine in such a way that the leader comes off the sound drum and onto the take-up reel. When the machine is started you can see the numbers flash off the drum—10, 9, 8, etc., to 4, 3. If the projection lamp is turned on just as the 3 flashes by, the picture starts at the point that it was intended to start. If the switch is thrown before the 3 shows up, numbers and codes will flash on the screen before the picture starts. This is important to remember if you want a smooth showing.

Not only is it important at the start of a show but, if two projectors are being used for a show with more than one reel, it is imperative that the second reel start at the right place and time. This is done by watching the numbers as before and starting the second projector in time to turn on that lamp and turn off the lamp on the first machine at the same time—just after the cue mark on the first reel and the 3 on the second flash by.

I hope you can understand this explanation the way I've written it. If not, then ask some good projectionist to clarify it for you.

Ceylon —Lt. JAMES E. HENRY

■ Thank you, lieutenant, but there isn't a question in our minds.

Safe and Sound

Dear YANK:

Here is a telegram written by an ex-member of our organization requesting an extension of his furlough. The answer was thought up by our first sergeant, Herbert L. Turner, who, by the way, once graced the pages of YANK as the youngest master sergeant in the ETO. He was redesignated to first sergeant and is now the youngest first sergeant in our division. The telegram said:

"URGENT MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM STOP AM IN TROUBLE STOP REQUEST (3) THREE DAYS EXTENSION ON FURLOUGH STOP DESPERATELY NEEDED STOP AM STRIVING TO REMAIN SINGLE.

The answer was:

"RETURN IMMEDIATELY YOU WILL BE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE."

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pfc. HENRY COOPERMAN

Back Home

Dear YANK:

My wife is a Wac. I love her as other fighting men love their wives. But right now I wonder what the hell kind of freedom I'm fighting for when, if I stay alive long enough to return to Shangri-La, I find that my wife has been sent overseas. Women overseas? What hairbrained idea is this?

On my way over to this theater, I stopped at many bases in various countries, and at every one there were many GIs lying on their behinds and complaining about how tough it was. So what do we need Wacs over here for? Get any economy expert to weed out these useless GIs and put them to work. Keep our women at home where they are doing a grand job working and waiting.

India —S/Sgt. GEORGE R. KUNTZ

Permanent Grades

Dear YANK:

. . . I believe enlisted men who plan on staying in after the war and now hold a noncommissioned grade should be given an opportunity to make their grades permanent if they could pass a required examination.

Camp Lee, Va. —T Sgt. CHARLES ALMEDA

Army of Occupation

Dear YANK:

There seems to be a lot of concern about who is to serve in the Army of Occupation after Germany is defeated. Here is a suggestion. There must be at least 3 million soldiers in the Army, some of whom have been in the Army two years or more, who at present are in service units and have not served overseas. I am sure that from this group the Army could get at least a million volunteers to serve a specified time with the Army of Occupation in Germany. . . . A lot of us in the service, I am sure, would welcome this opportunity. . . .

Selman Field, La. —S/Sgt. JOHN A. TYLER

OVER THE TOP in a DAY COACH

By Cpl. KNOX BURGER

PFC. EUGENE ANNUNZIATA sat in the day coach and looked out at the heat lightning flashing at almost regular intervals in the Ohio sky. He imagined it was a battle and he was in a troop train going up to the front. He imagined he was sitting beside a girl, going up to the front. He had seen newsreels of captured German soldiers in France, with their girls weeping and clinging to them.

Sitting beside him was Mr. George Biggerstaff. Mr. Biggerstaff hadn't been able to get a Pullman and he was in a bad mood. Mr. Biggerstaff manufactured swinging doors. Ever since the Cocoanut Grove fire in 1942 business had been falling off, and Mr. Biggerstaff had been in a bad mood almost continually since then. From time to time he would take some solace from what he had said to a young sailor in the club car that afternoon. He'd been buying the sailor drinks, and when the sailor had asked to return the favor, Biggerstaff had said: "I like to let the boys buy me one once in a while, just to keep their conscience clean." He rather liked that.

Annunziata watched the houses and barns as they fled past to lose themselves in the dark. He was up in the woods, close to the fighting. The town of Sandusky, Ohio, was occupied by the Germans, and he and the girl were billeted in a little farmhouse waiting for the push on the town. The girl didn't want him to go. Sometimes she cried. . . .

In the seat behind Annunziata and Biggerstaff sat two girls named Peggy and Irene, who had been asked to leave the city of Richmond, Ind., which they were doing. Their efforts to solicit business in some of the town's establishments and, on occasion, the street corners themselves, had not been appreciated by the wives of certain of the city officials. When the magistrate had said, "Richmond is a clean town," Peggy had laughed in his face. They had had to leave very quickly, but Peggy was still laughing to herself. Irene was gazing at the clean young neck of the soldier in front of her.

Annunziata watched the long rows of corn running at right angles to the tracks. It made him think of running his thumb along a comb and watching the teeth bounce back up. He was crawling along a row of corn toward an enemy outpost. His carbine was over his shoulder, and every now and again, as the heat lightning flashed they would flatten themselves close to the earth. (The girl had insisted she come along.) And she would lie beside him, shivering a little. . . .

In front of Annunziata and Biggerstaff were Mr. and Mrs. Stanislaus Weirosocki. They were going to watch their son, Lt. (jg) Dick Weir, receive a citation from an admiral. Dick didn't know they were coming, and Mr. Weirosocki was a little worried. It might be bad, like the time they'd shown up at their son's fraternity house without telling him they were coming after he had scored the winning touchdown against Northwestern. Dick had been drunk and was kissing a girl on the dance floor. He hadn't seemed very glad to see them.

Annunziata and the girl were inching along the rows of corn when a sudden burst of firing from a light German machine gun chattered close in front of them. They flattened the sides of their faces in the dirt and the girl looked at him, her blue eyes wide with fear. "Oh, Eugene," she said, and pressed his hand very hard. Slowly Eugene raised his head. At the edge of the field there was a clump of bushes, and he could see the flashes as the bullets left the center of the clump. "You stick here." He looked at his watch. "If I'm not back or haven't signaled you in 10 minutes, go back to the main lines." The girl looked at him, her eyes pleading. "Eugene," she breathed. Eugene moved silently away from her through the tall corn. . . .

Mr. Biggerstaff contemplated his home life and his shrill, bandage-rolling wife. His daughter Muriel, finishing up at Ethel Walker's, would be home with her red toenails and her boy friends driving up to the house in station wagons and convertibles to take her to the beach or to dances and God knows where else. Where'd they get the gas? There wouldn't be as many this summer, thank the Lord, because of the war. Why weren't more of those kids in the Army? Especially that Leon, the one who drove the Nash with the bed in the back. Damn. He never had liked the idea of Muriel going out in that car.

Eugene was working his way through the cornstalks. He'd go along one row and then cross over through a couple of rows, ducking softly when the flashes of gunfire illuminated the sky. In a few minutes he was close enough to the clump of bushes to see the helmeted silhouettes of the German soldiers crouched behind the gun. Reaching into the pocket of his coveralls, he pulled out a grenade. The pin came easily. Holding the grenade, he counted off the seconds. Then he put his arm straight back and flung the missile toward the machine-gun nest. . . .

The train had stopped, inexplicably, on a siding, and the passengers were talking restlessly, craning their necks to see if the conductor or the trainman was coming through the car. Irene didn't much care. She was recalling better days, as she often did, when she had been a stripper for the Minskys. That was 10 years ago. Then she'd started slipping, working the cheaper houses—two feature pictures and a burly for 20 cents—hanging onto the curtain and grinding to get the applause she used to get by dropping a shoulder strap; watching the growing rubber tire around her middle, not able to do anything about it, then not caring; getting fired at the Clover in Baltimore, then being pawed in the after-hours clubs, the side-street bars, the dollar hotels.

There was a bright roar which lighted up the bushes and knocked the silhouettes away from the machine gun as the grenade exploded. Annunziata crouched and ran up to the emplacement. They were all dead and after he had whistled softly to the girl, he dragged the bodies far off into the field. Behind the machine-gun emplacement there was a little dugout with a corrugated iron roof, and inside the dugout there was a wide soft pallet, made of fresh blankets. The Germans had evidently just moved in that afternoon; the dugout was stocked with rations and wine. Yes, some bottles of wine. "I saw it from where I was lying," the girl was saying. "God, you were wonderful." "We may have to stay here several nights," Annunziata said. . . . .

"SEVERAL nights?" exclaimed Mr. Biggerstaff. Mr. and Mrs. Weirosocki turned around and looked at Eugene. Mrs. Weirosocki's eyes were almost wide over her high cheekbones as she asked in her heavy Polish accent, "Why so long?"

"I—I'm sorry," said Pfc. Annunziata. "I must have been——"

"Forget it, boy," said Mr. Biggerstaff. "What you need is a drink. Let's go back to the club car. I'll buy you one."

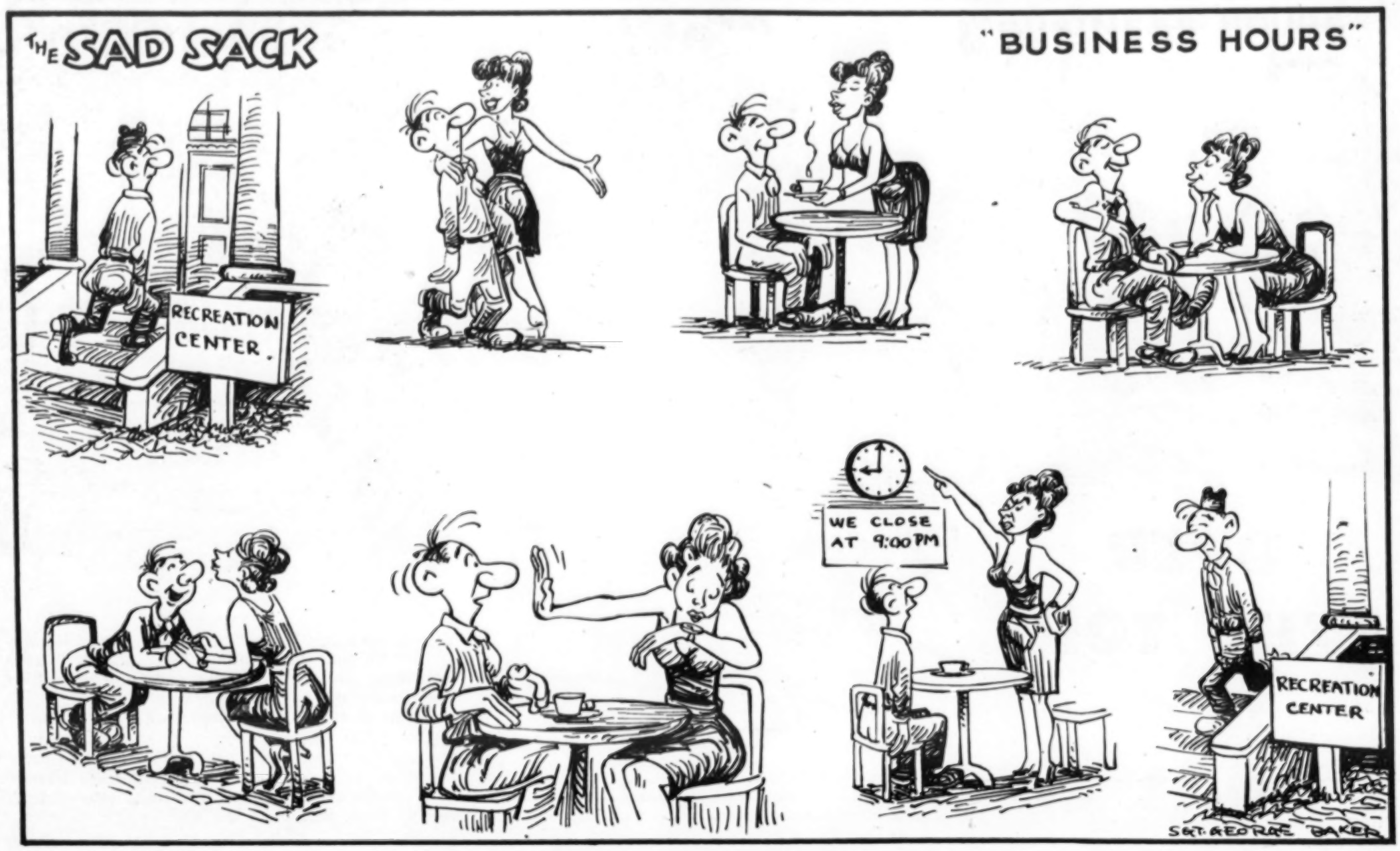
"Well, thanks, but——"

"Aw come on," said Mr. Biggerstaff, and got up. "Have one on me."

Peggy and Irene both sat up a little straighter as they looked at him standing awkwardly between the seats waiting for Eugene to get up. Irene opened her pocketbook and reached inside for her compact. The other one whispered something to her, something funny, evidently, because they laughed—empty, meaningful laughs—and kept watching Mr. Biggerstaff. The swinging-door manufacturer paid no attention to them.

Pfc. Annunziata got up and followed him slowly down the aisle. On the platform between the cars he looked out at the sky through the door windows.

The lightning had stopped flashing.



Refund of Premiums

Dear YANK:

I have been in the hospital for over seven months now and expect to be shipped back to the States soon. For the last three months I have been trying to get a refund on my GI insurance premiums. I did that because I read in YANK that any guy who is hospitalized for six months is entitled to get his premiums back. The insurance officer of our detachment tells me he can't do anything unless he knows the AR, circular or law which OKs the refund. Of course he can't be bothered writing to you, so I would appreciate it if you would help me out.

Hawaii —Pvt. HERMAN MICHAELS

■ The Veterans' Administration says that hospitalization in and of itself constitutes total disability for the purposes of such a refund. Your insurance officer should follow the instructions set forth in *WD Cir. No. 135 (1944), Sec. 4:* "Information and assistance to be furnished *totally disabled* military personnel who become eligible for disability benefits while on active duty."

Mustering-Out Pay and Schooling

Dear YANK:

The educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights may sound wonderful, but they don't mean much for those of us who are only entitled to one year of free school. After all, while the Veterans' Administration will pay up to $500 for the year's tuition, books, etc., most colleges charge much less. In fact many cost no more than $300 a year. When you consider that by taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights you lose your mustering-out pay ($300 for overseas service), how much do you stand to gain? As I see it, only the kids who can get more than one year of schooling under the law stand to profit by the deal. Am I right?

Bougainville —Pfc. FRED WALL

■ You're wrong. Mustering-out pay has nothing to do with the GI Bill of Rights. Every GI will get his mustering-out pay upon discharge. If he wants to go to school under the law, he may do so. The amount that will be paid for his tuition, etc., will *not* come out of his mustering-out pay.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Service in Allied Armies

Dear YANK:

I read your recent article on the point system for demobilizing men after Germany is defeated and cannot figure out where I stand. I joined up with the Canadian Army right after Germany invaded Poland and I have completed five full years of service, counting my time in the American Army. What I want to know is, does the time I spent in the Canadian Army get me any point credits under the plan?

Italy —Sgt. THOMAS REARDON

■ It does. Point credit will be given for service in the armed forces of Allied nations but only for time served after Sept. 16, 1940. However, no point credit will be given for foreign decorations or campaign insignia.

Allotments for Mothers-in-law

Dear YANK:

Before I went into service I supported my wife, my two children and my widowed mother. A few months ago my wife's father passed away and her mother, who has no other children, became dependent upon us for her entire support. My wife has no job and has to live on the allotments. Now that my mother-in-law has come to live with my wife, all five of them have to get along on $150 a month, the total amount that is sent to my wife and my mother in the form of allotments. Is there any way that I can get some additional allotment for my mother-in-law? Will it cost me any more money?

Britain —Cpl. THOMAS H. ARNOLD

■ You can get a family allowance for your mother-in-law. If you will look at *AR 35-5540*, you will note that a parent of a spouse is considered a parent for the purposes of a Class B or B-1 allowance. Since your mother-in-law is entirely dependent upon you, the ODB will increase your mother's $50-a-month check to $68 a month (the maximum allowed for two parents) to cover the support of both your mother and your mother-in-law. The additional $18 will not cost you any money since the $27 a month now being deducted from your pay is the maximum that may be deducted, *no* matter how many dependents a GI has.

Overseas Service Stripes

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas for 22 months now and recently I was able to get some of those new overseas stripes. What's bothering me is how many can I wear and where do I put them, under my hash mark or over it?

France —Pvt. JAMES WELLTON

■ You can wear one overseas stripe for each six months of overseas service since Dec. 7, 1941. Fractions of the six-month period do not count. Therefore 22 months' service rate three overseas stripes, and they go above your hash mark.

Naturalization of Aliens

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Army for more than two years now and at every camp where I have been I have tried to start the machinery going to become an American citizen. In every case I have run into nothing but double talk. My CO tells me that the reason for my failure to get my citizenship pushed through is that I came into the U. S. illegally. The truth of the matter is that I worked my way over from Holland and then jumped ship. I have been in the States for over 10 years, but I have never been able to afford the money needed to go back to Holland and legalize my entry into the U. S. Is there any way I can get naturalized despite these facts?

Marshall Islands —Pvt. HANS MOK

■ Under a recent ruling of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, you will be able to apply for citizenship when you return to the States. Your entry into the U. S. at that time will be considered a legal entry and will enable you to become a citizen. [*WD Circular 382 (1944).*]

Overseas Returnees

THE War Department has announced that about 30,000 men are being returned to the States each month from overseas. This number, said the WD in a report to the House Military Affairs Committee, cannot be increased substantially without "endangering the success of our military operations. . . ."

To return 30,000 men each month, according to the WD, four to seven times this number must be immobilized. This is the equivalent of from eight to 14 divisions. As a rule, men are returned to the States for rehabilitation, recuperation and recovery. Some men have been returned when threats from the enemy were no longer anticipated in their area and a reduction in the size of our forces was possible. Others are sent back on temporary duty for a rest and then returned overseas. Still others are brought back under the rotation plan and assigned to new duties.

In no case, says the WD, can a soldier be sure he will be returned after serving a certain length of time, although some theater commanders have set a minimum period a soldier must serve before he can be considered eligible for return.

The overseas commanders have been given the sole responsibility of selecting the men to be sent home. The determining factors are local conditions, the length of time spent overseas, whether the GI is a key man in his unit, the nature of his duties, his importance in relation to the accomplishment of his unit's military mission and the morale of the individuals in the unit, including the extent of rebuilding of mind and body required. Men who have been engaged in dangerous and difficult duty are to get special consideration.

The WD report pointed out that in order to send a man back to the States for temporary duty so that he might spend 30 days at home, he must be away from his outfit for about four months. This includes travel time and preparation for shipment from the theater and for his return. A shortage in shipping space for replacements going overseas is another reason why more men cannot be returned to the States.

The report noted an erroneous impression that there are plenty of men in the Army still in the States who can be used as replacements for troops overseas. As a matter of fact, says the WD, "the exact opposite is the case."

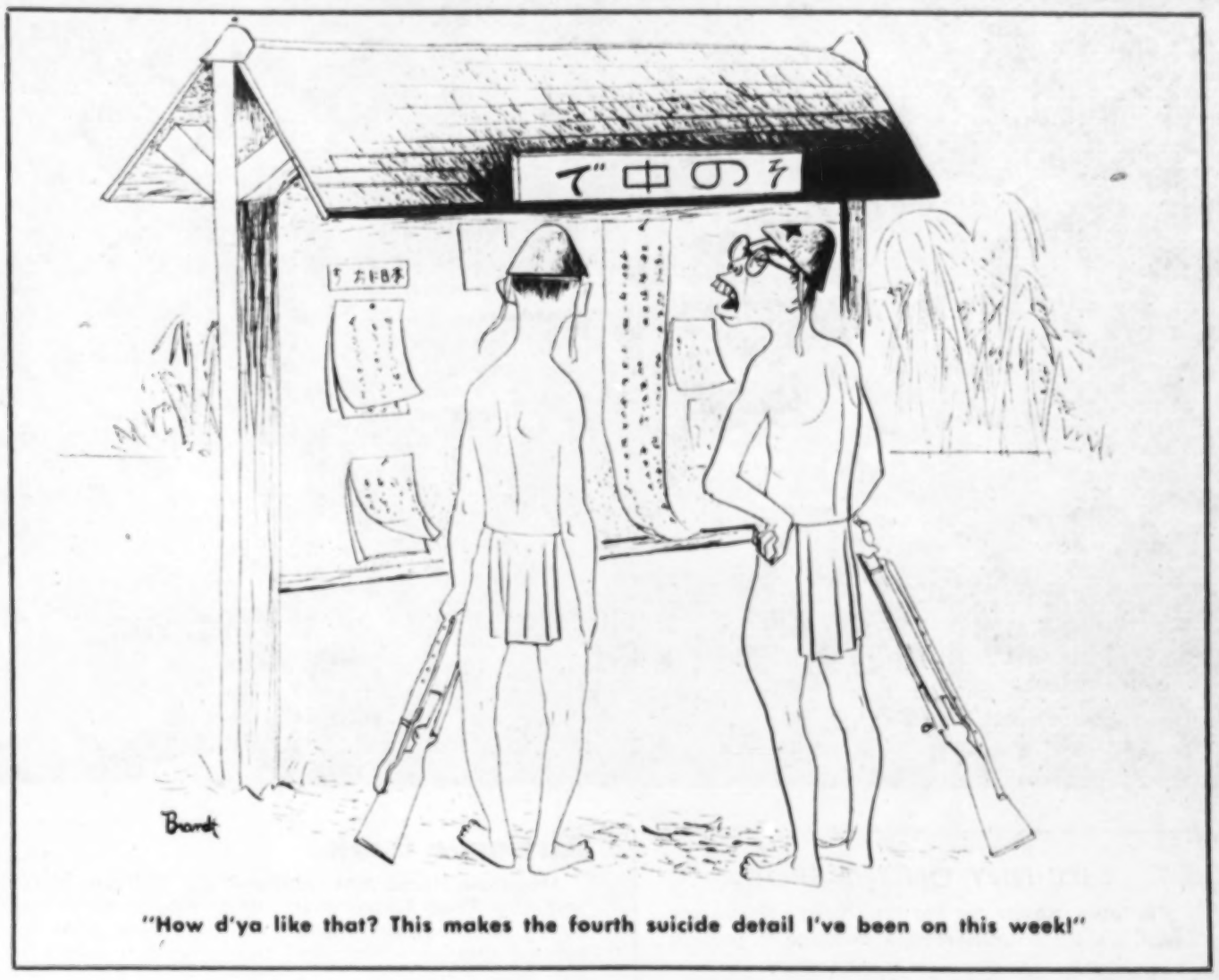
"Overhead installations (in the States)," says the report, "are at present operated almost exclusively by personnel who have already had overseas service or who are not physically qualified for such service or by members of the WAC." Most of the men in the States who are qualified for overseas duty, says the report, are assigned to organizations preparing for shipment overseas, or they are receiving individual training for shipment overseas as replacements for battle losses.

Lighter Loads

Soldiers are now carrying 15 pounds less in clothing and equipment than in 1941, according to the WD. The total load of 110 pounds has been cut down to 95 by the QM. The number of items was reduced and some articles were redesigned or manufactured of lighter materials. This saving in weight and bulk means that cargo and trucking space is saved when units are moved. With the lighter load, a GI boarding a ship wears about 18½ pounds of clothing and equipment; carries a 45-pound pack, including a rifle, gas mask and medical supplies, and has a duffle bag weighing from 25 to 35 pounds, depending on his destination and personal effects.

Pilot Training

Because the Army's reservoir of pilots is filled, pilot trainees will receive 15 instead of 10 weeks' instruction in the phase of training in which they are currently engaged. The AAF directive applies to all phases of undergraduate pilot training, including pre-flight, primary, basic and advanced. Advanced students scheduled to get wings and appointments as flight officers or second lieutenants on Oct. 16 will not be graduated until Nov. 20.



"How d'ya like that? This makes the fourth suicide detail I've been on this week!"

Texas Voters

GIs from Texas who are planning to vote by the Federal ballot are advised by the U. S. War Ballot Commission of the following changes in the list of candidates published earlier in YANK and on WD Soldier Voting Poster No. 4: Add—to the candidates for President and Vice President — Smith and Romer, America First Party; for Representative, 18th District, McD. Bybee of Childress, Republican. Delete from the list of candidates for Representative, 6th District—Charles W. Beck of Hillsboro, Republican.

Why We Fight

Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, CG of the Army Ground Forces, has issued a directive stressing the importance of keeping soldiers well informed about the war through weekly orientation hours. "A thorough technical knowledge of weapons and their use and good physical condition alone," he said, "are not sufficient to make a first-class fighting man. He must have a basic knowledge of what he is fighting for, what is happening at home and the progress of our troops in other theaters."

80th Division

Presence in Europe of the 80th Infantry Division, a veteran of the 1918 Western Front, has been disclosed by the War Department. Known as the Blue Ridge Division because it was originally composed of men from Virginia, West Virginia and western Pennsylvania, the outfit has as its insignia a shield of OD cloth with three blue hills in the center. Reactivated in 1942, the 80th trained in Tennessee, Kansas and California before shipping overseas.

Washington OP

Artificial Harbors. President Roosevelt showed reporters a scale model of one of the two artificial harbors floated into place along the Normandy Channel coast to help make possible the invasion of France. The model was complete even to the Liberty ships loaded with stones and sunk a mile offshore to provide a breakwater, the floating docks and the 3,300-foot pontoon causeways connecting them with the shore. Known as "mulberries" in code, the harbors were a secret from the time they were conceived at the Quebec Conference. Some 20,000 tons of supplies a day were unloaded from each harbor, and today they are unloading more supplies than the great port of Cherbourg, the President said. The mulberries were in operation by D-plus-three, but one of them was knocked out for six weeks by a severe storm that swept the Channel a few days later.

Rate of Discharge. Secretary Stimson declared that only two considerations will affect the speed of demobilization: (1) the need for troops to defeat Japan quickly and permanently, and (2) the amount of available shipping. He denied that available employment opportunities would govern the rate of discharge.

Odds and Ends. The Veterans' Administration has ruled that under the GI Bill of Rights qualified veterans may attend educational institutions outside the States. However, the institutions must be approved by the VA. . . . Recent legislation has abolished forfeiture of pay for time lost from the effects of VD. . . . Army Reservation Bureaus are being set up in large cities in the States by the Transportation Corps to help military personnel traveling on orders or on furlough obtain sleeping-car, parlor-car and reserved-coach accommodations on trains. . . . Half of all the nickel candy bars and rolls have been earmarked for the armed forces by the War Food Administration. —YANK Washington Bureau

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Southwest Pacific: Sgt. LaFayette Locke, AAF; Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Inf.; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF; Sgt. Charles Pearson, Engr.; Sgt. Ralph Boyce, AAF; Sgt. Bill Alcine, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Charles Rathe, DEML; Cpl. George Bick, Inf.; Cpl. John McLeod, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.; Cpl. Roger Wrenn, Sig. Corps.

South Pacific: Cpl. James Goble, Armd.; Cpl. Lon Wilson, Sig. Corps.

Central Pacific: Sgt. James L. McManus, CA; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Inf.; Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Engr.; Pfc. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Ken Harris CPhoM, USCG; Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Med.; Mason E. Pawlak PhoM1c, USNR; Sgt. Dillon Ferris, AAF; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML.

Alaska: Cpl. John Haverstick, CA; Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF.

Panama: Sgt. John Hay, Inf.; Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Don Cooke, FA; Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Donald Nugent S2c.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

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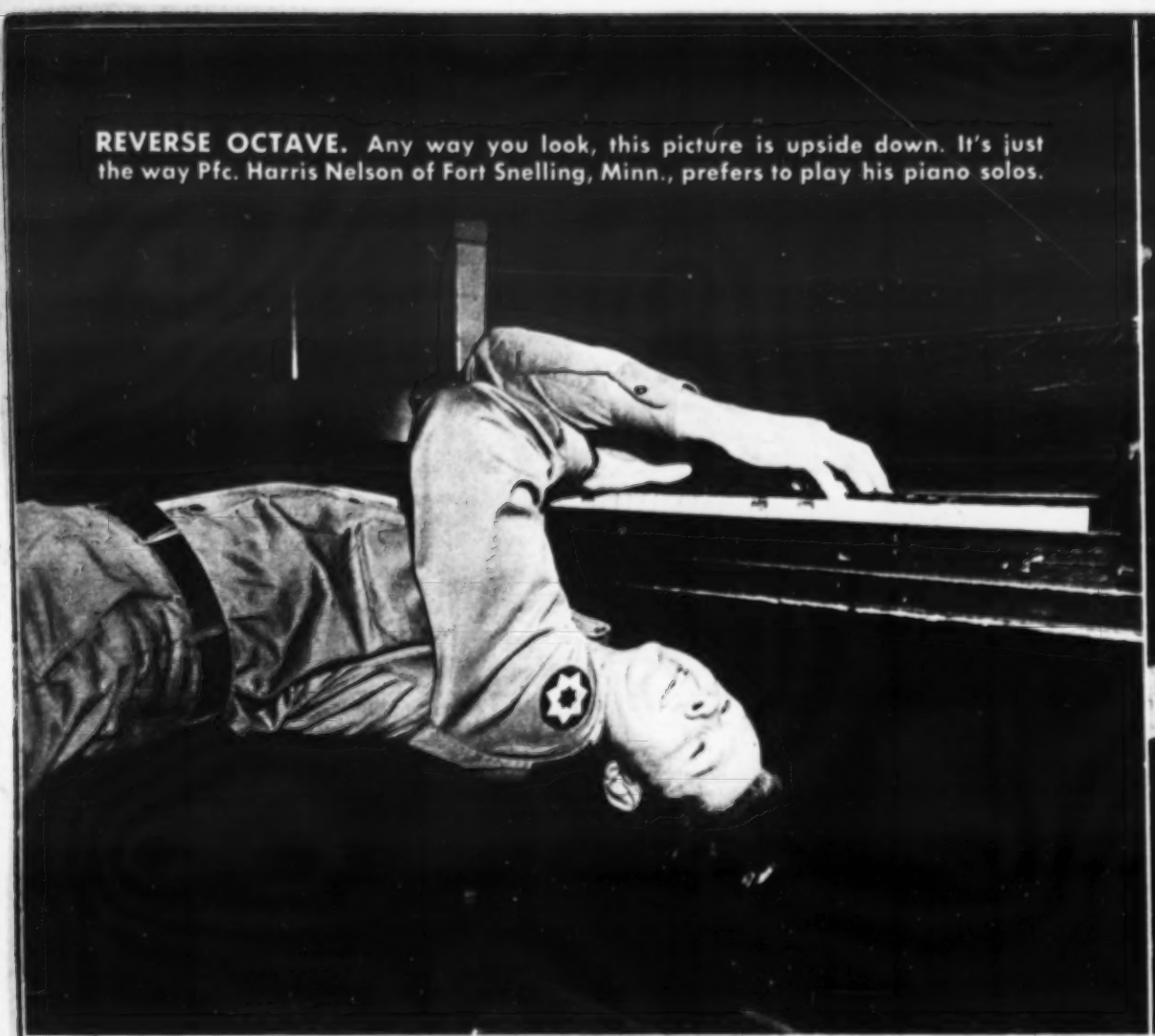


REVERSE OCTAVE. Any way you look, this picture is upside down. It's just the way Pfc. Harris Nelson of Fort Snelling, Minn., prefers to play his piano solos.

MAIL CALL. Pfc. Olney Harrison of Hillsboro, Oreg., wounded in Normandy, reads 93 letters that caught him at Baxter General Hospital, Spokane, Wash.

CAMP

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

Olathe Naval Air Station, Kans.—If you are without a rudimentary knowledge of nautical nomenclature, this anecdote is not for you.

Last summer the mess hall of an AAF unit at Winslow, Ariz., played host to military passengers carried by transcontinental Navy transport planes. When one of these planes landed, a private was working away getting the tables ready for the mob that was to eat there. As the passengers filed in, one old salt slapped the private on the back.

"Where's the 'head,' mate?" he asked.

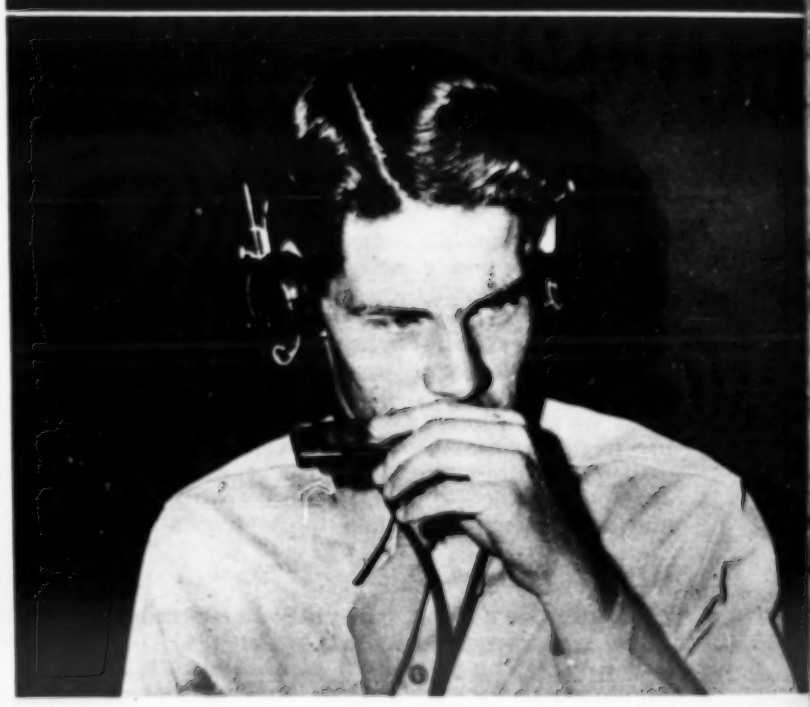
The private faced the kitchen, pointing out a staff sergeant and said: "Over there; he's the head around here." —ERNEST NORTH-NAGEL ARM 3c

Airborne Book

Mountain Home AAF, Idaho—Sgt. William Berry left the Post Library for evening chow. About 50 yards from the mess hall something shot by, missed his shoulder by inches and crashed at his feet.

The startled sergeant reached down and picked up a battered book. Examination revealed it was one from his own library. Looking up he saw a B-24 disappearing from view. In the months he'd worked in the library, books had been returned in odd ways but this topped them all.

Berry looked in the files and found the book was charged to Cpl. Douglas Meirfert of Milwaukee, Wis. Then a call to the orderly room revealed that the crew to which Meirfert belonged was flying. When the crew landed and Meirfert emerged from the plane, he found Sgt. Berry waiting with the dilapidated book in one hand and a statement of charges in the other.



Pvt. Byron Harker Jr. and his "sending instrument."

Does 14 Words a Minute In Code on Harmonica

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Pvt. Byron G. Harker Jr., a student in the AAF Training Command Radio School, amuses his buddies by sending 14 words a minute in code on a harmonica.

"I had just passed my 16-word check at school," said this Washington (D. C.) youth, "and returned to good old Barracks 916 when I had a fiendish idea. Why not send some code on my harmonica and see how many eyebrows would be raised in the barracks? So, although I had never tried it before, I started sending messages on the thing.

"After a few words, I looked up and saw that a few fellows were transcribing it. I kept it up, faster and faster. Pretty soon almost all the fellows were taking my code.

"One joe asked me how fast I could send on my harmonica. Of course I had no idea but I was willing to try, and we took some written material from the bulletin board. While one soldier timed me, I started off as fast as my lips would go. At the end of the 'time trial' they told me I had sent code at the rate of 14 words a minute."

Harker has been playing the harmonica for five years. He has a half dozen of the instruments and currently uses a chromatic model.

"When sending code on it," Pvt. Harker states, "I use the highest note on the scale, so it will closely resemble the pitch of actual code. One thing I haven't tried, and I imagine it would be pretty difficult, is a musical code—that is, sending a message and playing a tune at the same time."

DID ANY OF YOU TOWER FOLKS TALK WITH ME TH' OTHER DAY DURIN' TH' STORM--AH WUZ IN ARMY 680!
NOT ME! IF I'D TALKED WITH YOU I KNOW I'D REMEMBER THAT "BOOTS AN' SADDLE" TWANG OF YOURS.

In Real Life Bunny Beam Is a Moody Field Wac

Moody Field AAF, Ga.—Bunny Beam, the Wac who gives Wagon Wheels heart palpitations in Zack Mosley's comic strip, "Smilin' Jack," seems to have been inspired by a comely Wac control-tower operator at this field. She is Sgt. Agnes Maw, whom Mosley interviewed during a visit here in December 1943. A letter from Mosley to *Wing Tips*, the Moody Field newspaper, verified the fact.

"Moody Field was the only place where I interviewed tower Wacs," the author wrote, "and most of the inspiration and ideas from the Wac control-tower sequences in 'Smilin' Jack' came from conversations with a very charming young Wac in the Moody tower." And although Mosley did not recall her name, he described her as "interesting, charming and very photogenic."

Sgt. Maw, a corporal when she was interviewed by Mosley, has worked in the Moody tower since she came to the post in June 1943. A native of Union, N. J., she enlisted in the WAC in January 1943, trained at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was stationed at Camp Ruston, La., before being transferred to Moody.

Sgt. Agnes (Bunny Beam) Maw

Married to a first sergeant in the Coast Artillery, now stationed in England, Sgt. Maw blushed when told that Zack Mosley had named her as "the probable Bunny Beam."

"Does that make my husband Wagon Wheels?" she asked.

WIRE ACT. Pvt. Lawton Hart, ex-circus performer, now at Geiger Field, Wash., shows how he did it.

WAC DIANAS. Pvts. Jamie Wilson and Lera Pearce with bows and arrows at Mountain Home AAF, Idaho.

SCALPING? With S/Sgt. Orville Marty, Camp Hood, Tex., is Pvt. Frank Makesroomforthem, an Indian.

P NEWS

Pfcs. Robert Granger and James High with Oscar.

DRAWL STORY

Tyndall Field, Fla.—Mrs. Eunice H. Rhyne, complaint clerk for the post engineer, took a call from a northern-born GI who said there was no hot water in his barracks.

Suspecting the usual cause—lack of oil in the heater—the native Floridian asked: "How's your oil?"

"We's all just fine," said the GI. "How's you all?"

GI Squirrel Has Instinct Of a Homing Pigeon

Camp Howze, Tex.—Oscar and Bosco were a pair of squirrels kept as pets by the MP Detachment. They had been here five or six months when Pfc. James L. High took them home with him on furlough. The day before he was to return to camp the squirrels got away, and Pfc. High thought that was the end of them.

Thirty-five days after High got back, Oscar was found perched on top of his old cage. The distance from High's home in Hamburg, Ark., to Howze was 380 miles.

Positive identification was made by a broken leg the MPs had set and by inoculation marks made when the camp veterinarian had given Oscar the shots all GIs must have.

Bosco is still missing.

Furlough Blows Away

Orlando AAF, Fla.—Cpl. Emory Stevens of the entomology laboratory here recently returned from an 18-day furlough, but he thinks he ought to have another one coming.

He had waited a year for his furlough; he was lucky to get a ride home and was looking forward to a good time. Then he arrived at Atlantic City, N. J., just in time to go to work boarding up his house in preparation for the hurricane that swept the Atlantic Coast in September. The evening the hurricane struck he was away from home and had to walk a mile through falling trees and driving rain, and play hopscotch over live wires in the streets.

Downpours kept him indoors the rest of the time he was home except for two days, which he spent trying to repair the roof of his house.

SONGS BRING SERGEANT DOUBLE HONORS

Tuskegee AAF, Ala.—Sgt. Philip Medley of Boston had the distinction of hearing two marching songs he wrote broadcast over the NBC network on a program commemorating the third anniversary of this field. And he was doubly honored by being selected "GI of the Week" for his outstanding service to the base.

Missing his wings by being reclassified out of cadet training in 1943, Medley has since reconciled himself to the "wings of song."

And it was not an altogether new experience when he stood before the NBC mikes directing a 35-voice cadet chorus. He had already made a reputation for himself as musical director of the annual musicales at his alma mater, Virginia State College. His marching song, "Forward to Victory," written during his freshman year, is still sung by the student body of Virginia State. His songs on the recent broadcast were "This Is It" and "We're Marching Over." Although his most successful compositions have been marching songs, he has also written several popular tunes.

After his transfer from cadet training and while he was noncom in charge of tactical training in the College Training Detachment at Tuskegee Institute, he organized the first TAAF glee club, which broadcast from local radio stations and put on varied programs here. After the inactivation of the CTD, he was transferred to this base.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Sill, Okla.—1st Sgt. Bobbie Wells of the WAC detachment of the Field Artillery School comes from a family of top kicks. Her husband is 1st Sgt. Mancel J. Wells, a field artilleryman with 18 years' service; a brother is 1st Sgt. Homer H. Dees, a combat engineer with 15 years' service, and another brother is 1st Sgt. W. H. Dees, now overseas, who has been in the Army 2½ years.

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—When they're on furlough, most soldiers hate the sight of a telegram bearing their name, but in the case of Cpl. Roscoe W. Nowlin of Ennis, Tex., a veteran of 38 months in the Army, it meant the dream of all servicemen. With only four days of his furlough left, Nowlin received this wire from Camp Chaffee: "REPORT BACK FOR DISCHARGE."

Richmond, Va.—Pvt. Ova Johnson, now at McGuire General Hospital, is alive today because he weighs 181 pounds. Johnson was a member of an airborne unit that took part in the Normandy invasion. At the last minute his CO switched him from seat No. 8 to one farther in the rear because he wanted as much weight as possible in the tail of the glider. Johnson's replacement was one of the men killed when the glider landed in a shell hole in a Normandy cow pasture. Johnson was hit in the left hand and arm with shrapnel after the glider landed.

Fort Lawton, Wash.—When Sgt. Joseph A. Trebonik of the Operations Division Headquarters became a father, he proclaimed the fact by posting this announcement on the bulletin board:

EXTRACT OF MORNING REPORT

"Asgd & jd 1700 rations & qrs (temp dy) St. Joseph's Hosp, Lorain, Ohio, Teddy Joseph Trebonik, Weight 8 lbs, Race W, pending asgmt, PCS and dy with Sgt. Joseph & Mrs. Trebonik, Lorain, Ohio."

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—During 12 years as an organist, M/Sgt. Kenneth H. Wilson of Boston, Mass., a Marine chaplain's specialist, set what he believes is a record by participating in more than 17,000 radio broadcasts.

Altus AAF, Okla.—"Read the remarks after your name before signing the pay roll," S/Sgt. Earl Hinch always told EM who didn't get paid. But when his quarters allowance was left off the pay roll, he signed anyway. A co-worker in the finance office caught the error and Hinch was redlined. Red-faced, too.

Mary Ganly
YANK
Pin-up Girl

The Poets Cornered

TRILOGY FOR AN INFANTRY GUIDON

I.

It is good to follow the blue guidon.
Remember this before the mist settles down:
It is good in the long-legged ranks, the lazy guidon
Aslant on the staff, the columns of khaki fours
Stamping the cadences, keeping the intervals, marking the turns.
Remember this before the mist settles down:
You are back in the ranks where a man belongs,
Before the mist of fatigue, muddy marchings,
The cringing to caddish superiors. Remember this:
Mortify the flesh, the flabby office muscles.
Man must do penance for an epic privilege,
For the honor of crossing wide waters: commando raiders
Hurled against blazing beachheads; so keep your cadences in column;
Jealously guard your intervals, learn discipline,
Accept the mist of fatigue, sleeplessness, dirt, hunger, pains.
In these days, only the man in the ranks has the right to be.

II.

Sometimes in the middle of a tired morning,
Sleepily tramping in time behind the drooping guidon,
We dream of home: a lazy small town
South of the Ohio, the noon rush in Times Square,
Orange groves by Pasadena; white shirts,
Maybe somebody calling us "Mister" again.
A quiet morning of lecturing to classes,
Our homes in the evening.
But dreams are no good; the guidon flaunts
Blue with the rifles crossed; a greater dream
The fighting man's dream; breaking through the passes
Over against Bavaria, or catching a heavy tank
Notched in the battle sights. Over the dark waters
There is a greater dream for the fighting man:
An old dream made real.

III.

My body groans against the blue guidon
High on the staff over stalwart shoulders
Pulling me up the long road. The rifle
Cramps the stiff forearm. The mist of fatigue,
Sleeplessness clouds my bright dream of battle.
The racked things, shoulders wrenched by the pack
Make me forget ancestral traditions of battle,
God's silent order into the ranks.
The blue guidon coils, a snake on the staff,
Streams in the breeze from the west, hisses.
Coward's body, expendable on an African beachhead,
Pulped in a Guadalcanal jungle, broken where God wills—
What you endure is trivial to the hell you train for:
The crawling on your guts, blasting away,
Digging in under fire. Face the fact of your flesh
To be blasted, scorched, paralyzed, ripped from
The broken bones. Coward's body,
A man's soul has started you east
On a long, hard road!

New Guinea —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

THE SEED

Blessed hand that plants a seed into the earth;
And many hands have wearied through a day,
And many backs have bended
In pain.
The seeds that drank the rain,
The leaves which breathe by millions on one breath,
The limbs and branches centuries have dealt no death,
The yearly harvest on its way—
Know how blessed is a hand that plants a seed into the sod.
Blessed be the heart that feels the growing pain
Of the little seed into the glowing grain;
Blessed be the hand that works along with God.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

CPL. ROBERT HOLBROOK, SNIPER

You said you needed me; I did not doubt
That there was need for men to fight your war.
I did not heed the crass civilian shout
This would be dearer than the ones before.

I questioned not that I had never killed,
Nor hated well enough to thirst for blood.
I did not cry my heart was gently filled
With brother love or that I had a God.

I fought your war. I lay behind a tree
And aimed the fine, unerring gun at those
You pointed out to be my hated foes.
I'm sure your medal will look well on me.

But I must not kill again. I must not feel
The sweet precision of a newer gun,
The keener sight, the silver kiss of steel,
The love of weapons with which death is done.

The day I die, on some forsaken shoal,
Let me be decent and my conscience clean,
With no barbaric frenzy on my soul—
No thrill of killing with a new machine.

SCU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

RE: YOUR LETTER

V-mail is quicker.
Air mail is thicker.

Southwest Pacific —Pvt. RAYMOND CARLSON

ARMY-NAVY COOPERATION

Our devotion we give to the Army
As a good Wac and soldier should do,
And yet we agree that our standard OD
Goes exceptionally well with dark blue.

He likes me, I know, for he told me,
His picture he willingly gave,
But I cannot deny there's a gleam in his eye
When he catches a glimpse of a Wave!

Now, no one can claim that I'm fickle,
Yet I have a peculiar feeling—
Be he tall, be he short, from both starboard and port,
A sailor is plenty appealing!

So we should combine operations,
A joint-plans committee appoint,
To discuss our affairs and reflect upon theirs.
When we find an appropriate joint.

There'll be a new zest to the battle,
We'll manage a quick victory,
When he's launched with his Wave and the sailor I crave
Is plotting maneuvers with me!

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

THE SONGS OF ORPHEUS

I. Red Wine in a Cracked Glass

This is France.
This is the war.
This is the three thousand miles away
From the dizzy Saturday nights,
From the grind of bells of Sunday morning,
From the coming into the dark house at dawn
When the air was gray,
From walking under the trees in the evening,
From kissing you good night,
From the warm touch of lips
In the summer.

Drinking sweet wine
In a cafe.
The ruined city.
The night.
A world of enemies and strangers.

This is the battle.
This is the siege.
This is the weary warrior,
Drunk with tears,
Watching the bright-lipped maidens
Dance and sing under the yellow light.

And the fat civilian with the beard like wire,
Wearing a tam and smoking a Lucky,
Sits in the corner, crooning a song in Spanish,
And drinking,
Drinking,
Drinking
Red wine from a cracked glass.

France —Pfc. JOHN M. BEHM

Message Center

S/Sgt. RICHARD ARONSTAM, somewhere in England: write Cpl. Simeon Busenover, 423d AAF Base Unit, Sq. B, AAF, Walla Walla, Wash. . . . Pvt. LEVERT AVERY, 597th Airborne Engrs., Camp McCall, N. C.: write Pfc. Vilma Bickerstaff, WAC Det. #1, Fort Moultrie, S. C. . . . S/Sgt. EDWARD T. CICIOR, formerly with the 66th AB Sq., Macon, Ga.: write Pvt. Charles L. Grange, 267th AAF Base Unit (F), Sec. III, Fort Sumner, N. Mex. . . . Anyone having information concerning Lt. JOHN B. CRUL, 2d Marines, last heard of on Saipan Island: write Lt. Earl Shepard, Joyce, La. . . . PAUL CZOPYDALO of Brooklyn, last heard of in OCS in North Carolina: write Pvt. William K. Edmiston, Co. C, 62d Med. Tng. Bn., ASFTC, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . ORILLO C. DABE of Phoenix, Ariz., now somewhere in the South Pacific: write Sgt. Robert S. Dabe, 2514th Base Unit (AAF), Sec. A-Pl. 1, Laughlin Field, Del Rio, Tex. . . . CARLISLE DEMPSEY, formerly of Flint, Mich., entered the Army early in 1942: write A/C Joseph Luketich, Sec. H, Flt. D, Class 44-12, 2509 AAF Base Unit, Big Spring, Tex. . . . Pfc. WAYNE J. (DUT) DUTTON, stationed at McChord Field in 1941, later sent overseas: write S/Sgt. Joseph Brand, Casual Det., Camp Stoneman, Calif. . . . Cpl. WILLIAM ELLIS, last heard of at Page Field, Fort Myers, Fla.: write Pvt. Ben L. Brown, Two Rock Ranch, Petaluma, Calif. . . . Pvt. CARL ENGLEKING: write Cpl. Charles E. Beck (formerly of Scott Field), Sec. Q, BAAF, Fort Myers, Fla. . . . Pvt. ROBERT LOGAN ESCHBACK, once in Lansing, Mich., last heard of at Tarawa: write Pvt. Peter J. Treleaven, Co. A, 275th Inf. Regt., APO 461, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . JOSEPH FELTHANGER, USN, believed to be in a New York hospital: write Pvt. Joseph Yoklavich, Co. B, 74th Bn., ASFTC, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Pvt. FINFROCK, once in the 32d Cavalry, Camp Maxey: write Pvt. Orin Brooks, Hq. Troop, 45th Cav. Rcn. Sq. Mecz., Camp Polk, La. . . . Sgt. JOHN B. (BLACK) GARDNER, AAF: write Pfc. Joseph J. Misso, 1st Acad. Co., TPS, Box 427, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Cpl. GOLDBROOK of Connecticut, formerly at APO 43: write Pvt. Louis Scherl, England Gen. Hosp., Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Pfc. LAWSON GRIFFIN, last heard of in England: write Cpl. Rey Gonzalez, Co. A, 406th Inf., APO 102, Fort Dix, N. Y. . . . Lt. HARRY HANSON of Los Angeles, formerly at Cochran Field: write R. Cunningham SK3c, Maint. Office, W-34, Naval Tng. Sta., Newport, R. I. . . . HOWARD W. HATCH SF3c, last heard of on the *USS Mackab*: write Cpl. I. Nusbaum, Box 1172, 328 ABU (A), GAAF, Gulfport, Miss. . . . Sgt. A. (ROCKY) HENRIKSEN, USMC, at Camp Linda Vista, Calif.: write Cpl. A. J. Staiano, 132 Sig. Co., APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . S/Sgt. EDWARD JACOBS, with the Medics, last heard of in France: write Cpl. Leonard K. Hoyles, Co. B, 1899th Engr. Avn. Bn., APAAF, Avon Park, Fla. . . . Lt. FORREST E. KELLY (43-E), once an aviation cadet at AAFFTD, Ala.: write Pfc. William L. Kearns, 2156th AAF BU (CPS, P), Decatur, Ala. . . . S/Sgt. JOE KOPEC, formerly at Miami Beach, Fla., left for Crash Boat Tng.: write Sgt. Sigmund Cohen, Sec. B, Bks. 417, Buckley Field, 3702 AAF, Denver, 8, Colo. . . . Sgt. CHARLES LAMB, last heard of at Hendricks Field, Fla.: write S/Sgt. W. C. Buckleman, 3711 AAFBU, Boeing B-29 Sch., Seattle, Wash. . . . Sgt. RALPH MCCORD, once at Camp Breckinridge, Ky.: write Pfc. Marvin Marshall, Btry. C, 513th AAA Gun. Bn. (Sem), Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . GEORGE MCCORMACK, formerly in Lubbock, Tex., and S/Sgt. RALPH MEDOFF of Brooklyn, formerly a cadet at Coleman, Tex.: write F/O Wallace F. Miller, OTS, SAAF, Warrensburg, Mo. . . . ROGER W. MORRIS, 12173702, once at Providence College, later at Fort Knox: write Pvt. Gene Lazicki, 1645 Engrs. Util. Det., Camp Sutton, N. C. . . . Lt. CHARLES ORLANDO, formerly of Class 43-D, SAACC: write Pfc. Peter J. Elardo, Sec. C, 2509 AAFBU, Big Spring, Tex. . . . Pfc. IRIS O'BRIEN, WAC, somewhere in Italy: write A. D. Harris GM2c, USCG, COTP, New Orleans, La. . . . Sgt. GORDON PAVIATT, once at Lowry Field: write Pvt. Jack A. Rhavies, Med. Det., AAAB, Abilene, Tex. . . . Capt. GEORGE PRICHARD JR., formerly of Fort Benning: write Sgt. Steve A. Yarak, Co. A, 3169 Sig. Serv. Bn., Camp Kohler, Calif.

THIS delicate bit of femininity is another of Brooklyn's contributions to a grateful world. Her name is Mary Ganly. She was dancing in New York City when the roving eye of a movie talent scout focused on her blond person. Before you could say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she was out in Hollywood playing a campus cutie in "Bathing Beauty."

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On the Ball

His mother was waiting at the door as he came up the path. She dried her hands on her apron, trying to make her wide smile cover the fact that she was almost crying.

"Al," she said as he came up to her. She buried her head in his uniformed shoulder. "Oh, Albert," she said, her voice wavering.

He walked into the house with her and then she stopped and looked at him, holding him at arm's length.

"A lieutenant," she said. "My Al a lieutenant. Do those silver things mean you're a first or a second lieutenant?"

"A first," he said, smiling at her. "I made it a couple of months ago. I wrote you."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Well, now, sit down. I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you, son?"

"Starved," he said. He sat down in the chair stiffly, looking around the room at the moose head, the lamp shade with the beaded fringe, the light-green paint that was still peeling off the wall where the pipe had leaked upstairs, the picture of his father on that fishing trip up in Idaho, the picture of himself when he was last home on furlough.

"You've changed since that was taken," his mother said. "Your face is, I don't know—." Her voice trailed off. She wanted to say "harder" but after a moment she said, "Leaner, I guess that's what you'd call it."

"Well, I should think so," he said. "Hell—well, I mean, I was only a pfc when that was taken. Since then there was that cadre I went out on, and OCS at Sill, and—well, I mean, I've come a long way since then."

"And what are you now, dear?" his mother said.

"Battery exec. Responsible for getting the firing commands down from the OP and giving them to my men, estimating ranges—." His voice, which had taken on an irritated tinge, faded away, and she saw that he was frowning now. "Listen," he said, looking directly at her, "I don't want to talk about all that. Let's get on the ball about that chow."

She looked at him for a long moment and then got up and went into the kitchen without saying anything. Still sitting erect in his chair, he lit a cigarette, put the silver lighter back in his pocket and smoked, flipping off the specks of ash that occasionally landed on his blouse.

In a little while his mother came back, carrying a plate of wheat cakes in one hand and the old enameled coffee pot in the other. He sat down and began to eat mechanically, stirring his coffee with his free hand.

"Buster died, you know; I wrote you when it happened," his mother said, slipping into the seat across from him. "I took him to the vet, but of course he was so old. . . . Remember when you used to take him fishing with you down to Cedar Creek?"

He looked up from his plate, smiling suddenly.

"Yeah," he said. "And he'd carry the bait can, and if we didn't catch anything he'd always come home behind me with his tail between his legs, but if we had a good day he'd be running like mad ahead of me."

He stopped talking and his face grew serious again. "Kid stuff," he said, wiping his mouth with his napkin. "All that was a long time ago. And anyway, I've got to take off."

He stood up and walked into the hall, putting on his garrison cap as he went. His mother hurried behind him. "You mean you're going? Why you've only been here a few minutes. I thought you were——"

"Sorry. I operate on a schedule," he said crisply. "Got to stay on the ball, you know." He kissed her lightly on the forehead and said, "Keep in touch."

His tall figure moved down the front walk, and when he got to the street he turned and smiled and flipped her a salute.

"Good-bye, now," he called.

She waved. "Good-bye," she said. She started to say, "sir," but the word died in her throat and she turned and went back into the house.

Fort Douglas, Utah —T-5 THOMAS DWIGHT MURRAY

The Female on the Post

The female on the post is a creature of unusual habits, and it is advisable to make a careful study of her before attempting to enter into any sort of relationship. Social life at the post is governed by a very complex set of traditions, and you should understand it thoroughly before attempting to become a part of it.

First of all, you must be careful to avoid injury. This may seem odd, but many a soldier has twisted his neck and body into an irremediable contortion trying to see if the girl behind the PX counter was wearing a wedding ring. And, to complicate matters further, the station hospital has one entire ward for patients who thought that just because she wasn't wearing a wedding ring it could be assumed she wasn't married.

To ascertain the marital status of any given female on the post requires great tact. It is best to be subtle and not give away your hand. Questions like "Husband overseas?" or "How come you're working in this dump?" are likely to yield the desired information, but they tend to offend the female and make her suspicious of your intentions. "Do you live in the civilian barracks?" is much better for a starter.

The female on the post, like all others of nature's creatures, has her own particular whims, which, although strange to the outsider, are nevertheless an integral part of her culture and must be respected as such. You will find, for example, that like some kinds of fish, she is greatly attracted by shiny bits of metal. Almost the first thing a female learns when she enters into life on the post is the series of different metal objects worn by some soldiers, and she has demonstrated a remarkable facility for memorizing the significance of each shape and governs her conduct accordingly. The origin of this seemingly strange behavior is said to date back to primitive times when the male wore various colored beads and feathers to attract the female.

You will find that the female on the post has developed a certain immunity to soldiers, which at first may cause you some dismay. Unlike the USO hostess, this female does not consider it her patriotic duty to be pleasant to the military. As a matter of fact, she is pretty sick and tired of khaki, and it would prove of immense value to the soldier to purchase some vari-colored neckties to wear on festive occasions. It is, of course, necessary to secure the permission of your first sergeant before wearing the ties.

Although she has come here voluntarily, once she has arrived the female on the post seemingly becomes obsessed with the desire to leave. This is the only explanation for her infatuation with a common mechanical contrivance known as the automobile, possession of which has nowhere been known to produce an effect on the female quite as startling as at an Army camp. Investment of a few hundred dollars in this type of conveyance will yield many friends among the feminine populace.

Treat the female on the post kindly, win her confidence and you will soon discover that she doesn't like to sweat out the bus lines any more than you do. After that it should be easy sailing.

Camp Hood, Tex. —Pfc. HERB STEMBER

THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW

Now, here's a post-war problem
That's really apt to hurt;
How many GIs with civilian ties
Will stuff them in the shirt?

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Cpl. MARV LORE

"Brown?"

—Pvt. Michael Ponce de Leon, Philadelphia, Pa.

POST NO. 4, RELIEF

He thought he saw a dinosaur
That slapped him with its tail;
He looked again and found it was
The clerk who brought the mail.
"It's ages since we met," he said,
"And you have grown so pale."

He thought he saw an elephant
That sat upon his chest;
He looked again and found it was
An uninvited guest.
"We have a quiet place," he said,
"Where you can go and rest."

He thought he saw a purple snake
That coiled about his throat;
He looked again and found it was
An officer who wrote.
"They go to such extremes," he said,
"About the soldier vote."

He thought he saw an octopus
That grabbed him by the feet;
He looked again and found it was
The OD on his beat.
And what he muttered to himself
Polite folks don't repeat.

He thought he saw a buffalo
That rode up in a car;
He looked again and found it was
A prisoner of war.
"Now that's another thing," he said,
"They've carried too damned far."

He thought he saw a hundred things
And started breathing hard;
He looked again and looked again.
His blood all turned to lard.
"If this keeps up," he screamed, "I'll call
The corporal of the guard."

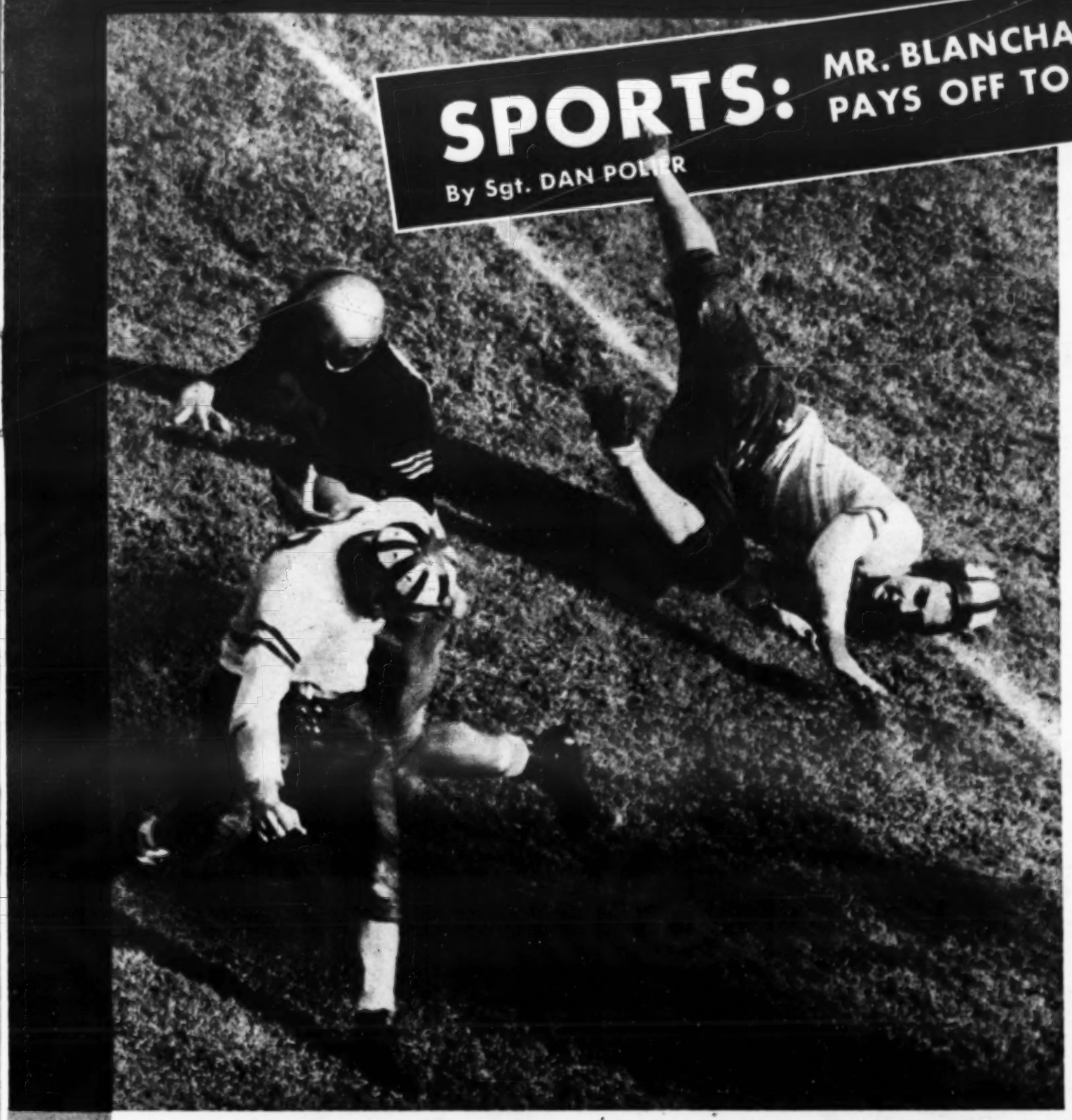
OCS, *Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.* —O/C A. L. CROUCH

"Hello, Flash Gordon Junior Disintegrator Toy Corporation?"

—A S Gerry Turner, AAF, Lubbock, Tex.

SPORTS: MR. BLANCHARD FINDS KINDNESS PAYS OFF TOO MANY DIVIDENDS

By Sgt. DAN POOLER



Army's Felix Blanchard spins out of the clutches of two Brown tacklers on 50-yard touchdown gallop.

It was a few minutes after the Army football team had massacred North Carolina, 46-0, Barney Poole, a big raw-boned cadet end, sought out Mr. Gene McEver, the Carolina coach, and in a gravel-throated voice said:

"Coach, I'm really sorry we had to murder you like this. But, believe me, sir, it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

Two weeks later a similar scene took place. Army had just dismembered Pittsburgh, 69-7, and Felix Blanchard, Army's sensational fullback, went over to Mr. Clark Shaughnessy, the Pittsburgh coach, and said:

"Sir, I don't feel very happy about this awful slaughter. I think we should have tried to hold the score down. Say about 59-7."

Both of these young men had good reason to apologize. As late as last fall, Mr. Poole had rented out his splendid 6-foot-3, 220-pound frame to the University of North Carolina. He was their finest end and made the All-Southern Conference team. Mr. Blanchard, on the other hand, never gave a pint of blood for Pittsburgh, but he was bound to Mr. Shaughnessy by ties stronger than blood. His father (who by sheer coincidence was also named Felix) played fullback under Mr. Shaughnessy at Tulane in 1917 and took the pledge that little Felix would also toil for Mr. Shaughnessy wherever he coached.

But thanks to the little words of comfort, Messrs. McEver and Shaughnessy went away from West Point feeling more kindly toward their wayward boys and the Army horde. Mr. Shaughnessy especially. He summoned a group of newspapermen and announced:

"I just had the pleasure of being absolutely murdered by the best Army team I have ever seen. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be Army's all-time best. If anybody beats them, they'll have to score 51 points, because Army will score 50.

"I would also like to say that this boy Blanchard is the greatest fullback I have ever seen. He's even better than Norm Standlee. He's just as big and faster. Yes, he's faster than Standlee and more powerful. He could play halfback as well as fullback. He can pass and kick. He's absolutely at the top of the heap as far as I'm concerned."

When Lt. Col. Earl Blaik, the Army coach, heard of Mr. Shaughnessy's speech he was horror-stricken. This generous build-up was the one thing he had been guarding against all season. He wanted Navy or Notre Dame to win the national championship on paper; he'd win it on the field when the proper time came. The colonel dispatched Maj. Andy Gustafson, his No. 1 aide, to New York to address the Football Writers with instructions to stem the wave of optimism that Mr. Shaughnessy had turned loose.

"I want to thank Mr. Shaughnessy for giving us such a nice build-up," Maj. Gustafson told the assembled group of writers. "I guess we're set to beat the world now. But, gentlemen, I want to warn you we haven't been tested as yet. We don't know how good our team is. We still have Navy, Penn and Notre Dame to play and one or all of them could lick us—especially Navy. They have too much backfield depth.

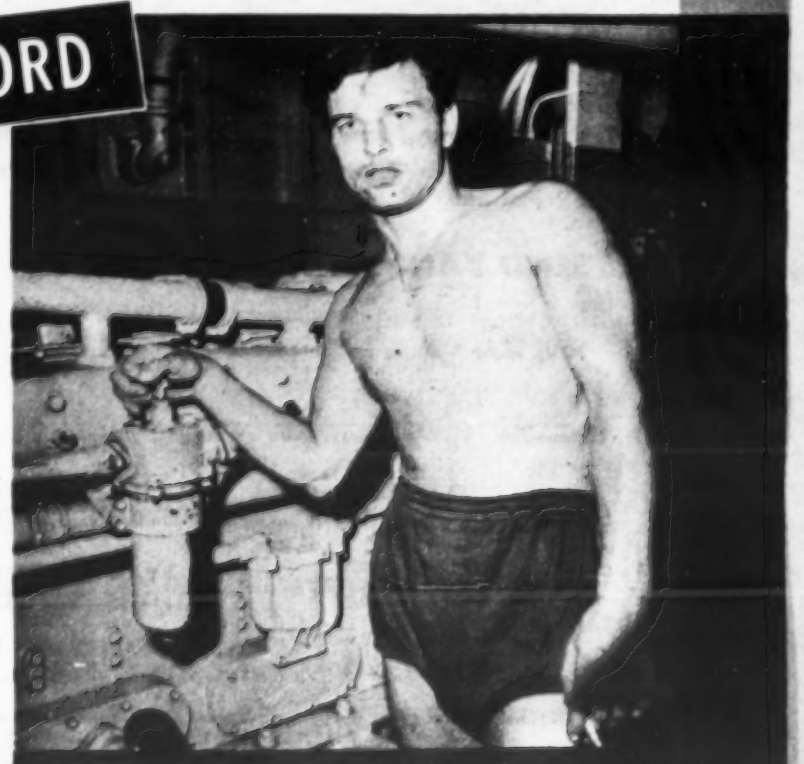
"This young man Blanchard, of whom Mr. Shaughnessy speaks so highly, is big, rough and tough, all right, but he is a victim of a peculiar disease we have at West Point. We call it 'plebitis.' It's a malady caught only by plebes, and the upperclassmen give it to them. Our tradition demands that plebes walk around with chins in and backs straight. Blanchard is so stiff that we can't even relax him on the football field. But he'll come along all right."

It would appear that Mr. Blanchard's kindness toward Mr. Shaughnessy paid off too many dividends to suit Col. Blaik. This is unfortunate, because we were about to suggest that the colonel detail one member of his first team to seek out the losing coach after every game and cheer him up. A lot of coaches are going to need it. Especially, when Mr. Blanchard unbends and learns to fly right.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Just to keep the records straight, **Bill Dudley** is not a substitute in the March Field (Calif.) backfield as we reported here a few weeks ago. He is just about the whole backfield for the mighty Randolph Field (Tex.) Ramblers. Our mistake was made when Dudley was "loaned" out to March Field to help in a charity game against the Washington Redskins. . . . According to **Dana Bible**, whose Texas team was smothered, 42-6, by Randolph Field, the Ramblers have the individual stars for one of the greatest football teams of all time. Let's run briefly over the lineup: Ends—**Sgt. Jack Russell**, ex-Baylor, and **T/Sgt. Don Looney**, ex-TCU and Philadelphia Eagles; tackles—**S/Sgt. William Causey**, ex-Elon College and New York Giants, and **Lt. Martin Ruby**, ex-Texas A & M; guards—**S/Sgt. Joe Vaughan**, ex-Lon Morris Junior College, and **Lt. Jack Freeman**, ex-Texas; center—**Pvt. T. B. Robertson**, ex-Brooklyn Dodgers; backs—**Lt. Pete Layden**, ex-Texas, **Lt. Bill Dudley**, ex-Virginia All-American, **Pvt. Kenneth Holley**, ex-Holy Cross and Hartford Blues, **Lt. Dippy Evans**, ex-Notre Dame.

Lt. Col. Wallace Wade, the Duke football coach, is an Artillery officer in Gen. Patton's Third Army, pushing toward Germany. . . . Reports from the South Pacific say **Phil Rizzuto**, the Yankees' shortstop, is coming back to the States because of recurring malaria attacks. Another Yankee, **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio**, is due for a CDD: stomach ulcers. . . . **Pvt. Lloyd Mangrum**, the pro golfer, injured his arm and shoulder when his jeep overturned in France. He's back in England recovering. . . . A lot of professional football teams are going to be disappointed when they learn that **A/C Bob Steuber**, the Missouri All-American, wants to be a major-league baseball player after the war. . . . **Specialists Johnny Rigney** and **Hal White** will soon join the rest of the big-league stars in the South Pacific. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** is busy writing a book but won't tell what it's about. . . . **Charley Justice**, the sensational 19-year-old Bainbridge (Md.) NTC halfback, will play for Duke after the war. Coach Joe Maniaci of Bainbridge calls Justice "the greatest natural football player I've seen."



HOCKEY ACE. Frankie Brimsek MM2c, star goalie for the Boston Bruins hockey club, takes time out for a smoke aboard invasion ship in the Pacific.

"NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I SUPPOSE ENGLAND DID HAVE ITS GOOD POINTS."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"MUST BE GOING BACK TO THE STATES."
—Pfc. Tom Creem

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"IT DIDN'T OPEN, SO I BROUGHT IT BACK LIKE YOU SAID."
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer

"I DON'T BEEF ABOUT A HEAVY MESSAGE, CAPTAIN, BUT LET'S NOT GET TOO FLOWERY."
—Sgt. Edward Urban

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